

Pandora

Science Fiction Science Fantasy Magazine

62 Pages

RAMP

From Venus To Agharta

A Journey Through The Void To Mysterious Worlds

Rendered from the original text
by T  odoro Rampal  

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**RAMPA:
FROM VENUS TO AGHARTA**

**Rendered from the recently discovered original text
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From the deep caverns of Earth came an anti-grav personnel ship to to carry us to our destination.

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The Adventure Begins



FLYING SAUCERS

Flying saucers? Of Course there are flying saucers! I have seen many, both in the sky and on the ground, and I have even been for a trip in one.

Tibet is the most convenient country of all for flying saucers. It is remote from the bustle of the everyday world, and is peopled by those who place religion and scientific concepts before material gain. Throughout the centuries the people of Tibet have known the truth about flying saucers, what they are, why they are, how they work, and the purpose behind it all. We know of the flying saucer people as the gods in the sky in their fiery chariots. But let me relate an incident which certainly has never been told before in any country outside of Tibet, and which is utterly true.

The day was bitter. Frozen pellets of ice driven by the howling gale, hammered like bullets into our flapping robes and tore the skin off any exposed surface. The sky was a vivid purple with patches of startlingly white clouds which raced off into the hinterland. Here, nearly twenty thousand feet above the sea, in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet, we were toiling upward, upwards,

At our last resting place, some five miles behind us, a voice had come into our consciousness: "Strive on, my brothers. Strive on, and enter the fog belt again, for there is much for you to see." The seven of us, all high lamas from the lamaseries of Tibet, had had much telepathic communication with the Gods of the Skies. From them we had learned the secret of the Chariots which sped swiftly across our land and which sometimes alighted in remote districts.

Onwards we climbed, higher, and higher, clawing a foothold in the hard earth, forcing our fingers into the slightest crevice in the rocks. At last we reached the mysterious fog belt again, and entered. Soon we were through it and into the wonderfully heated land of a bygone age.

"A day's march more, my brothers," said the voice, "and you shall see the chariot of old."

That night we rested in the warmth and comfort of the Hidden Land. We found

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ease and relaxation on a soft bed of moss, and in the morning we gratefully bathed in a warm, broad river before setting out on another day's march. Here in this land there were pleasant fruits which we took with us for our meal, a satisfactory change indeed from the eternal tsampa!

Throughout that day we journeyed upwards through pleasant trees of rhododendron and walnut, and other the like of which we had not seen before. All the time we were rising upwards, and all the time we were in this pleasant warm land. With nightfall upon us we made our camp beneath some trees, and lit our tire, then rolled ourselves in our robes, and fell asleep.

With the first light of dawn we were again ready to continue our journey. For perhaps another two to two and a half miles we marched, and then came to an open clearing. Here we were stopped, dumbfounded with amazement; the clearing before us was vast, and incredible.

The open plain we saw was perhaps five miles across, and the scene was so strange that even now I hesitate to write because of the knowledge that I shall be disbelieved. The plain was about five miles across and at its distant side there was a vast sheet of ice extending upwards, like a sheet of glass reaching toward the heavens. But that was not the strangest thing before us, for the plain contained a ruined city, and yet some buildings were quite intact.

Some buildings, in fact, looked almost new. Nearby, in a spacious courtyard, there was an immense metal structure which reminded me of two of our temple dishes, clamped together, and it was clearly a vehicle of some sort.

My guide, the Lama Mingyar Dundap, broke our awed silence, saying, "This was the home of the Gods a half million years ago. During those days men strove against the Gods, and invented a device to shatter an atom which wrought disaster on the earth, causing lands to rise and lands to sink, destroying mountains and creating others anew. This was a mighty city, the metropolis, and here was once the seashore. The convulsions of the earth which followed an explosion raised this land thousands of feet, and the shock of that explosion altered the rotation of the earth. We shall go closer, and we shall see other parts of the city embedded in the ice of the glacier—a glacier which, in this hot valley, was gently melted, leaving intact these ancient buildings."

We listened in fascinated silence, and then, as if by one common impulse, we moved forward. Only as we came close to the buildings did it become apparent to us that the people who had lived here must have been not less than twelve feet tall. Everything was on a giant scale, and I was forcibly reminded of those huge figures which I had seen deep in the hidden vaults of the Potala.

We approached the strange vehicle of metal. It was immense. Perhaps fifty or sixty feet across and now dulled with age. We saw a ladder extending up into a dark opening and, feeling as if we trod sacred ground, we crept up, one by one.

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The Lama Mingyar Dundap went first and soon disappeared into the dark hole. I was next, and as I reached the top of the ladder and stepped inside the metal hull I saw my guide bending over what appeared to be a sloping table in this large metal room. He touched something, and a bluish light came, and there was a faint hum. To our horrified amazement, at the far end of the room figures appeared and walked toward us and spoke.

Our first impulse was to turn and run, to flee this house of magic, but a voice in our brains stopped us. "Be not afraid," it said, "for we were aware of your coming and have been so aware this last hundred years. We made provisions so that those who were intrepid enough to enter this vessel should know the past." We were held as if hypnotized, powerless to move, powerless to obey our animal instincts and escape. "Be seated," said the voice, "for this will be long, and tired men do not listen well." We sat, the seven of us in a row, facing the end of the room, and waited. For some seconds the buzzing continued. The light in the room faded, and we were in a darkness so profound that we could not see our hands before us.

Some seconds later the buzzing stopped and there was a faint click, then upon the wall appeared pictures—pictures so utterly strange that they were almost beyond our comprehension. Pictures of a mighty city among the ruins where we now sat, a city beside the sea upon which rode many strange craft. Overhead, disc-like vehicles soared through the air, soundlessly, effortlessly. Upon the shore of golden sands giant figures strode amongst waving palm trees. We could hear the sound of happy voices of children at play as they splashed in the surf. We saw scenes in the streets, in the houses, in the public buildings. Without warning, we saw everything as if from some craft in the air. It reminded me so vividly of my kite flying that I almost clutched a nonexistent crossbar. Then there was a dreadful boom, and from afar a mushroom-shaped cloud soared miles to the heavens, a cloud shot with crimson and yellow, as if the very breath of the gods was afire.

ENGULFED

From our vantage point we saw buildings topple, and people fleeing for their lives. Then, from out of the distance roared a huge wave of the sea, perhaps fifty feet, perhaps a hundred feet high. It struck the land and engulfed the houses—the once stately metropolis. The earth shook, the picture swirled, and faded, and grew again. We had an impression of falling, spinning, and all was blackness. For what seemed to be a long time we sat wondering in the darkness. A picture came on the wall again, but this time a different picture. We saw the clearing, and in it were strange craft, such as the one in which we now sat. Men seemed to be doing maintenance work, servicing. Craft were continually arriving and departing. There seemed to be many different types of people, ranging from those about fifteen feet tall to some about five feet tall.

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The picture changed and we saw views outside the earth, and a view of the unseen side of the moon. The voice of the screen gave us an explanation throughout the picture. We learned that there was an Association, a White Brotherhood, composed of incarnate and discarnate entities. Those who were incarnate came from many different planets, and they had as their one aim the safeguarding of life. Man, we were told, was certainly not the highest form of evolution, and these people, these guardians, worked for entities of all kinds, not merely for man.

INVASION

We were told Tibet was to be invaded, and that the invaders, Communists, would be as a disease on the body of the earth. Communism, we were told, would be eradicated and in the age to follow creatures of all kinds would commune together as in the days of long ago.

Tibet was to be invaded. But even Tibet would play her part with telepathic lamas who could so easily contact space ships. Earth, they said, was a colony, and these people of outer space supervised the earth so that they could mitigate the effects of atomic radiation and, it was hoped, save the people of earth from blowing their world to pieces.

We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a space ship, and up into the air. We saw, in half an hour, our land of Tibet—a land which it would take three months for men on fast horses to cross.

Then with no increase in gravity, with no sensation of speed, we were taken out of the atmosphere and into space.

We know how these space ships work. We know why they can turn so quickly, and why those within them are not affected by centrifugal force, but that is for another occasion.

THE SHIP

The vivid purple of the afternoon sky was suddenly cut by a snow white line as if a finger of a god had swept aside the darkness to show a light beneath. The glittering silver at the head of the growing line sped across the sky almost too fast for the eye to follow. A sudden flash of light, and the silver was gone, heading for the blackness of space.

We lamas lay upon our backs upon the soft green sward of the hidden valley some twenty thousand feet above the level of the sea. Higher still towered the jagged peaks which surrounded the warm and pleasant land and protected it from the bitter cold beyond.

Tibet, more than eight times larger than the British Isles, had many mysteries but none so strange as this, a valley of tropical splendor amid the subarctic temperature without. A valley with a hidden city dating back to the time of the flood, and stranger still, where the gods of the sky had a base.

For centuries past telepathic lamas of high degree had been in communica-

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tion with these gods, and had learned much from them. Now we, highly favored men, were meeting them. We lay upon our backs, thinking of the wonders we had seen. To our right, in an immense clearing, stood strange machines, machines which would be strange even to the highly merchandised world beyond our land. Men of other worlds than Earth walked about, some moving with lithe grace, breathing the air we breathed, and others stumbling a little in strange clothing which, transparent, covered even their heads, and allowed them to breathe a different atmosphere.

For some hours we had lain thus, watching, marveling and following by telepathy the purpose of these activities. Our close concentration was suddenly shattered by a deep humming which came from just above us. Turning our heads we saw a spinning disc approaching. As it passed over us we were flattened to the earth as if by a very strong wind, as if our weight had surprisingly doubled on the instant. Then it was over, and we raised up, resting upon an elbow to watch the landing of the machine.

It resembled two very shallow Tibetan bowls placed lip to lip, one resting upon the other, and through the center of both was a transparent dome, or perhaps translucent would be a better description, because, while it was obviously transparent, we could not see clearly into it. Now the whole machine was rotating above the dome, and making a swish-swish-swish" noise, reminding us of prayer flags fluttering in a strong breeze. The deep humming had stopped as the machine hovered above what was quite obviously a landing platform. Gradually the machine sank, lower and lower, until it was obscured from the view by a much larger tubular vessel.

From a nearby building a pear-shaped vehicle sped to the newly- arrived machine. Some minutes later it came into view again going the opposite direction, and returning to the building.

Our intent watching was interrupted by a man who came towards us and said: "Come now, my brothers, for we have much to show you." We rose to our feet, and once again we felt ashamed of our lack of stature; the Lama Mingyar Dundap was six feet tall, and we were all within three inches of that, but this man was twice as tall as Mingyar Dundap! I felt as if we were seven-year-olds about to enter a lamasery for the first time. The Tall One had apparently guessed my thoughts, or read them telepathically, for he said: "It is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura, and the soul which is within. Here we have people ranging from those smaller than you to taller than I."

He led us across the green, moss-covered earth. This was as hard as rock, smooth, without mark or blemish, yet it did not jar our feet as we walked across it. I looked about me in fascination, wondering at all the strange alien activities going on around us. The Tall One was evidently a man of much importance, for all

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those working nearby touched their heart to him as he passed—a greeting which we in our ignorance thought was our eastern method. We felt very self-conscious in our shabby robes, torn and threadbare through the hard journey from Lhasa,

As we walked, the Tall One amplified the remarks of the day before, telling us the Earth was a colony, a colony which was afflicted with a dread disease which made most of the inhabitants behave like mad dogs. For centuries the Earth has been observed so that at the right time people could be helped. That time was near.

Certain of us, of Tibet, were more developed telepathically and esoterically, so we were being given special information and special experience. “Now,” he said, “we are going to show you your world from beyond its atmosphere. For this it will be better if you are in a craft manned by those of your own stature.”

INSIDE THE SHIP

We were standing before a vessel of tubular shape, some three hundred and fifty feet long by about sixty feet wide. A broad platform led from the ground to the interior. As we approached, a man of medium height, but very broad, came down to meet us. He touched his heart to the Tall One, and for a moment they looked at each other while a message passed between them. Then the Broad One turned to us and beckoned for us to follow him. We, following the example of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dundap, turned then to the Tall One, touching our right hand to our heart before bowing and turning away to follow the Broad One.

The unknown is always fearsome. My own heartbeat increased as we walked up the sloping ramp, paused a moment, and entered that alien portal. Inside was a long corridor, pale restful green in color, and the walls appeared to be luminous. The light was uniform, and there were no shadows. The Broad One led us along the corridor for several yards, then stopping, he raised his hands and a portion of the wall slid aside to reveal a pleasant room of which one side and the floor appeared to be so transparent that we were almost afraid to enter.

NO SENSATION OF MOTION

Far beneath us the rugged land that was Tibet was slipping away. The mighty mountains, some towering higher than the vaulted Everest, were becoming flattened by the distance, becoming just pimples on a plain surface. We rose higher and higher until at last we could see our Happy River (as we Tibetans call it) swelling out into the mighty sacred river of India, out into the ocean which we had not seen before. We saw the outline of the coast and could easily distinguish the Bay of Bengal, and see far into China. We could even see the Great Wall of China as a thin crack across the ground.

The sun seemed to be below us, huge, swollen by the refraction of the air, glowing red like the open mouth of a lamasery furnace. Still there was no motion, no impression of anything. We stood and watched, and thought how utterly re-

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mote was all this from our normal life upon the barren earth.

The Broad One gestured to a wall. He touched something and bench-like seats sprang from the previously smooth surface. "Sit down," he said.

"We can see more comfortably sitting." We sat, rather gingerly and rather embarrassed, because as we sat clown we seemed to sink into something which gripped our shrinking forms through our thin robes. "Form-fitting seats," said the Broad One. "Very comfortable. They prevent you from slipping off yet they yield to every movement."

Form fitting indeed, I thought. Certainly I am not accustomed to being held in this manner. Still, I suppose I shall get used to it. Now safely seated, I gazed again at the screens and held my breath in sheer amazement. I had been taught that the earth was flat, now I knew better because I could see myself that the earth was round globe like the ball with which I used to play. Here we were, far up above the earth, going higher and higher, until at last we were completely free of the atmosphere. The earth turned slowly beneath us, a huge globe largely covered by the grey-green of the ocean. The land masses appeared insignificant, with splotches of green and russet. Large areas were covered with white fleecy clouds obscuring much of the surface. Through gaps we could see the outline of continents and islands. We could see inland lakes, but of cities there was no sign. From our height there was no indication whatsoever that there was any kind of life upon Earth.

VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE

Surrounding the earth was a faint bluish haze, fairly dense close in, but fading out altogether after a few miles. The earth rolled on, turning lazily like a hawk wheeling slowly in the sky. The Broad One said, "You are intent upon Earth, yet the whole of your Universe is before you. Is it not worth a glance?" It brought us to life with a start, and we looked up. Above us was utter blackness interrupted with startlingly vivid points of light. Distant planets appeared sharply round and of many different hues, while on those nearer we could distinguish features of their surface. So that we could gaze upon the sun the Broad One caused a dark shield to cover part of the screen. We saw the sun huge and clear, and the sight struck us with terror because we thought it was on fire. Vast tongues of flame leapt from it, while its surface presented itself to us as a writhing mass, freely marked with dark blobs.

"We have a base on what you call the Moon," said the Broad One. "The Moon always presents one side to the Earth. Our base is on the other side and we are going there now."

The filter was swung aside and we were able to gaze upon the blindingly brilliant face of the Moon, that airless world which still contains life deep beneath its surface. We approached it at a speed which was so fast as to be quite incom-

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prehensible to us, but there was no sensation of speed.

“You have learned much about us,” said the Broad One. “Yet, upon earth people are taught that we do not exist. They have to be taught so because of the religious teaching that Man is made in the image of God, and the people of the earth think that Man is the earth human. Today to admit the possibility of Man on other planets would be to prove the various religions wrong. Again, those who held the power of life and death over nations dare not let it be known that there is even at greater power, for to do so would be to lessen their hold upon their enslaved people.”

PROPULSION

Later we were taken on a tour of the space ship and were introduced to the large crew. We felt very ignorant in their presence, but they did everything possible to answer our questions and set us at ease. The problem of propulsion interested me greatly, and I was given an answer in much detail. There were a number of methods used; ships for different purposes had the appropriate method of propulsion. The ship on which we were traveling had a form of magnetism which was repelling to Earth's magnetism. The electricity used on Earth, we were told, was most crude. That used elsewhere was a form of magnetism based on cosmic energy. The force was picked up from the cosmos by special collectors on the surface of the ship and conducted to the “engine room.” Here it was fed through induction coils to the two halves of the ship. The half facing the earth was strongly repelling to Earth, and the half facing the planet of destination, in this case the Moon, was strongly attracted to that planet.

On the planet the repelling force could be adjusted so that the machine could hover, rise or descend. The whole interior of ship was lined with a network of conductors so that no matter what attitude a ship adopted the force of gravity was at all times that most suitable for the occupants. We were shown the remarkably simple device which automatically adjusted the gravitic forces.

But there is no more space to go into greater detail. It is indeed a tragedy that Western peoples are so skeptical, for there is such a lot to tell, and it is a waste of time to even begin when one knows that one will be disbelieved. Flying saucers are real. Very feat.

ONWARD TO VENUS

The evening winds sighed gently through the trees of the Hidden Valley. There was an atmosphere of peace, of harmony, of Beings working for good. We lay by the side of our camp fire, the Lama Mingyar Dundap and three companions; five of us in all. We had journeyed far from Lhasa, from the frozen slopes of mountains and barren land. Now there were but five of us although eleven of us had begun the journey. Our companions had fallen by the wayside, victims of avalanches, victims of privation and of the bitter, freezing cold.

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Now, though, in the warmth of this Hidden Valley we lay at peace. Marvels had indeed befallen us since we had first communed with the Gods from other worlds, the Gods who looked after the earth and kept it from self destruction. Tonight, we thought, we will retire early. We had earned our sleep, our rest, for throughout the day we had been seeing the secrets of the immense city which was half buried in the glacier. We had learned much but we were to learn more.

We looked at each other, wondering who was speaking, because a gentle but insistent thought kept coming into our minds.

“Brothers, brothers, come this way for we are waiting.” Hesitantly, one after the other, we got to our feet and looked about us. There was no one in sight, but again came the insistent command, “Brothers, this way, we are waiting.” So we followed our intuition and made our way to the bustling camp where the machines from other worlds lay, where beings of many other worlds swarmed about doing their multitudinous tasks. As we approached one of the larger ships a man, the Broad One, descended from it, and came to meet us with his hand upon his heart in a gesture of peace and of greeting.

“Ah, brothers, so you have come at last. We have been calling you for the past hour. We thought perhaps that your brains slept.”

We bowed humbly before him, bowed to the Superior Being from outer space; he turned and led the way to the vessel. We stood on a certain spot beside the ship, and it felt as if we were caught by some strong force and waited upwards, “Yes,” he said to our unspoken thoughts, “that is on antigravity beam, a levitator we call it. It saves one from climbing.”

Inside the vessel he led us to a room with seats along the wall. It was a round room, and it reminded us of the ship in which we had recently had a trip. We looked about, and we could see out as if there were no walls at all, and yet we knew that those walls were as solid as metal, a metal harder than anything we knew.

“My brothers you have travelled far according to your standards, and you have endured much according to any standards. This night we are going to take you far away from your own earth, we are going to take you to a planet which you call Venus. Take you there just to show you that there are civilizations beyond anything that you know on earth, take you so that your days of life upon earth may be brightened by the knowledge of what is, and what can be. First, let us eat. You were, as I am aware, about to partake of your evening meal.”

He gave a telepathic command, and attendants entered bearing dishes. One went to a wall and pressed various buttons. A section of the floor rose up as a table, and with it appeared seats upon which we could recline in the old fashioned Eastern way, and not be propped up in the Western Style.

The covers of the gleaming dishes—dishes which appeared to be made of

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purest crystal—were removed, and we were helped to food. The food to us was truly amazing. Fruits of various colors, and then pastes in crystal jars. Our hosts were very attentive to our wants. The Broad One said, “Here we eat only that which Nature provides. These are fruits such as you know not on earth, fruits which to us supply bread, meat, everything. These pastes which you will find truly delicious are compounded of nuts from other planets of this system.”

They were, as he said, “truly delicious”, and we ate very well indeed.

The flavors were most strange to us, but wholly pleasant, and the liquors which we drank were again the juices of fruits. These people were, we thought, even more humane than we of Tibet. They killed nothing, nor did they strain animals in order that their milk could be taken.

At the conclusion of our meal the dishes were removed and the table and dining seats disappeared again into the floor. The Broad One said, “This time I shall go with you. We are moving now.” We turned and looked through the wall. There was no sense of movement, no sound, yet we were rising. We rose faster and faster, leaving the darkening earth and going out so that looking down we could again see the sun gleaming over the horizon, gleaming over the curvature of the earth in the far, far distance.

As we rose higher and higher, we could see the continents of the earth in various hues and colors, green and browns; we could see the white of the clouds, and the bluish-grey of the turbulent waters of the seas, but of the works of man there was no sign, no sign at all from our height that anything lived upon the earth. As we went higher we found that the strange lights were playing about inside the windows as if the rainbow had come in sheets, undulating sheets, but here were more colors than any rainbow ever possessed.

It was an electric discharge from the aurora. It looked as if the whole earth was girded with gold, red, green, and of deepest purple, waving as if in some invisible wind. Showers of light, glinting and scintillating with all colors, flashed about through the curtains; as if those curtains were being pierced by the spears of the Gods.

Higher and higher we went, out into the deep blackness of apace. The earth was now but the size of a small round fruit, gleaming with a blue-grey light, not at all like the moon which had a yellowish light, but blue-grey, a strange color indeed. We sped on and on into space, and the stars ahead of us changed color, the sun ahead of us turned from its golden rays to blood red. Behind us the earth had disappeared. Behind us, to our amazed stupefaction, there was nothing at all save darkness, blackness, the blackness of an utter void.

I turned with a gasp of amazement to the Broad One, but he just laughed and said, “Oh, My brother, we are going faster than light, and so behind us there is no light because we are outstripping it, and ahead of us we are catching up on light,

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so the whole visible spectrum is deranged. Thus, instead of the white glare of a planet you see red, and darker red until the red turns purple, and the purple to black, and the light which you see is not light at all but an illusion of the senses.”

FASTER THAN LIGHT

This indeed was fascinating, but on we sped without feeling any sensation, outstripping light itself. I could not understand how they could navigate at such speed, but the answer to that was that it was all done by robotic controls. We were spellbound in our seats watching outside. Instead of pinpoints of light we saw streaks as if some clumsy artist had daubed a black well with glowing colors which changed as we looked at them. At last the colors began to appear more normal. The black gave way to purple, the purple to red-brown, and then to scarlet-red, and then behind us again we saw pinpoints of light. Stars, though, behind us were green and blue, while ahead of us they were red and yellow. As we slowed down still more the stars ahead turned to their normal colors, as did those at the stern.

Ahead of us was at huge ball, appearing to be motionless in the black sea of space, a ball completely covered in thick orange haze, a ball of smoke floating against a black sky. We circled two, three, perhaps five times, and then the Broad One said, “We are about to enter the atmosphere. Soon we shall be down and you can walk upon a world which is not alien, but merely strange to you.”

Venus takes 243 days to turn once on its axis, and it takes almost 225 days to travel once around the Sun in orbit. As you can see, a day on Venus is longer than its year.

If that’s not strange enough, the rotation of Venus is backwards. Seen from above, all of the planets in the Solar System rotate counterclockwise. This means that eastern regions see the Sun before western regions. But that rotation on Venus is backwards, so it’s going clockwise.

If we could stand on the surface of Venus for an extended period, we would see the Sun rise in the west and then take 116.75 days to travel across the sky and then set in the east.

Slowly the ship sank, slowly it became immersed in the formless haze, billowing fingers reached out and fled by our windows.

The Broad One touched a control, and it was as if magic fingers had swept aside the cloud, swept aside everything that obscured the view. We looked out in awe. The clouds by some magic of the Gods had been made invisible, and beneath us we saw this glittering world, this world filled by Superior Beings. As we sank lower and lower we saw fairy cities reaching up into the sky, immense structures, ethereal, almost unbelievable in the delicate tracing of their buildings. Tall spires and bulbous cupolas, and from tower to tower stretched bridges like spider’s webs, and like spider’s webs they gleamed with living colors, reds and blues, mauves and purples, and gold, and yet what a curious thought, there was

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no sunlight. This whole world was covered in cloud. I looked about me as we flashed over city after city, and it seemed to me that the whole atmosphere was luminous, everything in the sky gave light, there was no shadow, but also there was no central point of light. It seemed as if the whole cloud structure radiated light evenly, unobtrusively, and the light of such a quality as I had never believed existed.

At last we left the cities; and came to a beautiful sparkling sea, a sea of purest blue. There were a few little craft upon the water, and the Broad One smiled benevolently as I pointed to them. He said, "Oh, they are merely pleasure craft. We do not use anything as slow as ships on this world." After some minutes we crossed the ocean and came to another gleaming city, even more beautiful than the ones we had seen before, and in the very heart of the city there was a clearing toward which we approached. For some minutes we hovered perhaps half a mile above the city, above the clearing, and then, as if in answer to some signal, we sank slowly, soundlessly, and effortlessly. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, the ground came closer and closer.

Soon we were level with the topmost towers of that glittering city, that fabulous city, the like of which no man from Tibet had ever seen before. We could not determine the nature of the materials; they towered toward the stars, pointed, and from every window of those immense buildings faces peered out. As we got closer and closer, and lower and lower, we could discern those faces with startling clarity; they were beautiful. Throughout our stay on Venus, indeed, we saw no one who was not by earth standards startlingly beautiful. Ugliness was unknown here on this world, whether it be ugliness of mind or ugliness of body, both were absent. Almost before we were aware of it we were on the ground.

Our machine had descended without a tremor, without a jerk. The Broad One turned to us and said, "It is time for us to alight, my brothers." And then he led the way out of the room. As we reached the ground we looked about us for the first time. Before we had been too busy marveling at the method of our descent. Now we found people waiting for us, officials obviously, tall men, grave faced, but with a dignity and presence not known upon the turbulent earth.

One of them stepped forward and inclined his head in our direction. Into our minds flooded thought, his thought, telepathy. He was greeting us in the universal language of thought. No sound was uttered in all that gathering, no sound, that is, except, perhaps, our own involuntary gasps of astonishment.

THE HALL OF KNOWLEDGE

For some minutes we all stood thus in telepathic communion, and then the spokesman bowed to us and turned away with a telepathic instruction for us to follow him. We did so for some fifty paces, and then we came to a most remarkable vehicle. They called it an air car. It was a vehicle perhaps thirty feet long and

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it was floating two or three inches above the ground. A section of clear plastic slid aside and we were shown inside. The Broad One and the spokesman got in with us. We sat back on those very comfortable seats, and then again we exclaimed in astonishment for without feeling motion we were speeding along at a truly frightening velocity.

Buildings nearby us were blurred with the velocity of our travel, and I certainly was quite frightened. There were no controls in the vehicle. We were sitting and the machine was taking us toward some unknown destination. The Broad One smiled benevolently at me, and said, "Fear not, my brother, there is nothing to fear. This machine is controlled from afar. Soon we shall be at our destination, The Hall of Knowledge, where you will be greeted, where you will be shown the past of your earth, the present of your earth, and the future of your earth; the probable future, my brother, that is, because man makes his own path, but probabilities are very strong things indeed, and unless man changes his mind the probabilities that you will see in The Hall of Knowledge will be facts."

I looked over the side and found that we were perhaps six feet above the ground which was absolutely flashing by. The vehicles passing on either side of us seemed to come charging at us, and then at the last instant miss us. It really frightened me, it sent chill shivers up and down my spine to think what would happen if two of these vehicles traveling at such colossal speed met head on. I became aware that the buildings were passing by more slowly. I could think that the buildings were moving and not us, because we had no sensation of moving or of speed.

Gradually the vehicle slowed, then it hovered, and turned in a half circle and went to the left, to an immense building which stood in a clearing. It was a huge public building supported on glittering pillars. Wide stairs led up to it, and on the stairs there were groups of young people, apparently just waiting to see us visitors from Tibet. The machine continued on slowly, perhaps at the speed of man running. It rose to the level of the top of the steps, and then slid inside the main doors of that magnificent building. It came to a halt; attendants hurried to meet us, slid aside the doors of our machine, and helped us to alight.

I looked about me in absolute fascination. To one side was a green covered table, and around it there were what appeared to be a group of golden thrones upon which a group of men sat. Soon we were in telepathic communion with the group, the Lords of Venus, the controllers of that particular sphere of activity. It does not matter what they told us, nor what we told them, but eventually one man thought at us. "Now, my brothers, we have exchanged much knowledge of interest. We will give you a sight of your world, a sight of the present day conditions of your world as they are in all countries of that globe, and we will show you the probable course of your world's future."

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He rose, and the others rose also. They led the way along a corridor, and then we of Tibet involuntarily stopped and held our breath in sheer shocked amazement. Before us appeared the blackness of night, the utter blackness of space, and floating, turning lazily, was our own earth. We saw the blue-grey of the continents, the brownish patches, the streaks of green, and the white of the clouds. We saw the bluish haze of the atmosphere of the earth, extending round, girdling our world.

Our great friend, the Broad One, touched me and whispered in Tibetan, "Fear not, my brother, for this is but the simulacrum, this is the Hall of Memories, the Hall of all Knowledge of the earth; be not afraid of what is to happen, for this is but Science, the science of illusion, and that, too, is but the world of illusion. You shall see, and what you shall see will be the truth."

We sat down, and that seemed to be the signal. We gazed upon the earth, and then we seemed to be falling, gently falling. As we got nearer and nearer to the earth we saw that it was a very different earth. First we saw a molten bowl, then before our startled eyes the molten bowl became solidified, cracks appeared, gusts of flame rushed out, water came and spread across the face of the earth. The land rose, parts of it sank, countries were formed, and seas too; we saw the convulsions of the earth as it was at its birth, we saw the strange unbelievable people which were the first people of earth.

We saw Poseidon, Lemuria, Atlantis. We saw also the mighty civilizations which flourished unbelievable eons before Poseidon, before Atlantis and Lemuria. By now we could accept anything without a flicker of surprise. We had a surfeit of marvels, wonders had no power over us. So as the earth grew older before our gaze, and nations were swept aside and replaced by other nations it evinced interest in us, but nothing more than that. The possibilities of our being surprised had ended. Then we came to our own time.

We saw Tibet when the founder of our religion first appeared in that country. We saw the buildings of the Potala, of the sweeping aside of the old fortress which had been put there before by the bloodthirsty king of Tibet. We reached our present year, passed it, went on and on into the future, into the year 3000. It was wonderful the things we saw and heard. We seemed to be upon the earth, as if we were standing beside, or even slightly behind, the principal actors. We could see all, hear all, but we could not touch, nor be touched. But eventually these wondrous impressions faded into the year three thousand.

The Broad One stirred and said, "Now you see my brother, why it is that we guard the earth, for if man's folly is allowed to go unchecked terrible things will happen to the race of men. There are powers upon the earth, human powers, who oppose all thought of our ships, who say that there is nothing greater than the human upon the earth so there cannot be ships from other worlds. You, my broth-

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ers, have been shown and told, and have experienced this so that through your telepathic knowledge, you can contact others, so that you can bring influence to bear.”

We do not know how long we were there upon that planet. It might have been days, it might have been weeks, we were almost blinded by the splendor of the sights we saw. The people contented in their righteousness, peaceful people desiring only peace, desiring, as we of Tibet desired, to do as we would be done by. And at last it was time again to return to the earth, which now to us seemed a tawdry place, an earth which paled into insignificance against the glory of Venus. Sadly we got aboard this space ship, and sadly we returned to the Hidden Valley. Never again, I thought, shall I see such wonderful things, How mistaken I was, for that was but the first of many trips.

THE SUBSURFACE WORLD

Group two of UFOs is a very different type altogether from the space ships. These are people who dislike those humans who dwell upon the surface of the Earth. They are not benevolent people at all; they have instead at horrid dread of those who dwell in the sunlight.

They are a small colony of people who live inside the Earth, It is fortunate that their flying saucers are merely a glorified type of air vehicle not a great deal better than the puny aircraft which we surface people possess, and these “in-wonders” cannot travel to any great distances into space, probably no further than the Moon.

Much has been discovered about the “in-wonders,” but again everything has been wrapped in official secrecy and the whole parcel tied up with miles of red tape. There are a number of natural portals on the world which give access to the inner world. One is in the Andes, another in the Gobi Desert, and another—if you leave the British Isles and go steaming up into the cold, cold sea, passing Scotland and going on beyond the Shetland Islands, you will come to an area which is eternally wrapped in swirling fog, to an island which is known as Ultima Thule, the Last Island. It is forbidding, volcanic, and not at all prepossessing. It is surrounded by an atmosphere which causes cold shivers to dance up and down the spine of anyone who so foolishly decides to land on its inhospitable shore. One lands with a feeling of extreme reluctance. One struggles along against boulders and harsh pebbles, feeling all the time that “someone,” or “something,” is looking over one’s shoulder, spying upon whatever one does. Officially the island is uninhabited.

Some years ago a ship of the British Royal Navy went there to make a survey of some kind, and in the course of their official duty landed at party of sailors under the control of highly experienced officers. Very strange happenings indeed took place, and in the secret reports of the British Admiralty there are records

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of truly fantastic happenings on Ultima Thule, happenings which are so incredible that the reports have long been suppressed and kept under close guard.

On the island an extinct volcano is the dominant feature. Through the empty galleries by which molten lava used to flow in white-hot streams occasionally come people of another race, not unlike humans, but with subtle differences. They can also get their small vehicles through certain of these channels, and then they scout the land which they dislike so much, the land of the upper world.

However, fortunately, their numbers are small, they are in the minority, and knowing that their craft are vulnerable, they do not attack but merely try to defend themselves. Often they take flight, and with their abnormally high speed they can outdistance anything which the surface people have at present.

LIGHTSHIP TO AGHARTA

At one time in my life, when I was very young, I had imagined all the wonderful things in the universe and the mysteries contained within its ethereal boundaries. I pondered if I would ever have the chance to experience anything fantastic and different from the prosaic world of my childhood. Now, with the experience of decades, I can look back on my life since those far-off childhood days, and wonder anew what amazing things still lay ahead of me waiting to carry my soul across time and space to reveal the infinite mysteries of creation.

There is so much that I will never know. Perhaps it is our eternal fate to struggle for the unknowable, to seek knowledge that is ultimately unattainable. The small grains of information that we are able to grasp are but a tiny part of a beach that stretches on forever, maddening in its vastness, yet compelling in its riches.

My teachers have shown me the majestic wonders of this planet and the splendors of the celestial worlds. I scarcely dreamed that after the privileges my soul was allowed in the past that I would be once again offered a journey with my guides to participate in what may be the ultimate destination of Earth's ascended masters; a journey that would take me to the ancient and unknown worlds beneath our feet and on to Agharta.

It had been many months since my journey beyond Earth in a space ship to the planet Venus. I had been told by my guide that my body must reacclimate to earth gravity before I could journey further. I had no idea what he meant by those cryptic statements, so I was left to use my imagination about what lay in store for me.

To understand the intricate connections that exist in our reality one should remember that we are creatures of Spirit, like electric charges endowed with intelligence. Life consists of rapidly vibrating matter generating an electrical charge, and that electricity is the life of Matter. Our physical bodies are charged with energy that resonates at the level of our existence. In order to physically travel to other worlds and realities, we must be able to change the electrical resonance to

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match the location to which we are moving. When we return to our own time and space, we must allow our energies time to stabilize before we attempt further explorations.

When we are in the physical world we tend to think that only the physical matters and is real. That is one of the safety devices of the Overself. If we consciously remembered the spirit world with its happiness we would be able to remain in the physical world at length only by great effort of will. If we remembered past lives when, perhaps, we were more important than in this life, we might not have the necessary humility to live well in this life.

The time came one night as I lay trying to sleep. My conscious mind finally surrendered and allowed my astral self to leave the material shell to seek whatever comforts were available in the astral worlds. Scarcely had I left my body when I was overwhelmed by the feeling of warmth and love. Appearing before me was my beloved guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dundap. I was not surprised to see my friend in this environment. I knew that the Lama Mingyar Dundap had toured the world both in the physical and in the astral forms. But it had been so long since our last adventure that I was genuinely pleased and overjoyed at the unexpected meeting.

"My good friend," I said to him, "it has been much too long since last we spoke."

The Lama laughed a rich and vibrant laugh, full of energy and vitality. He was ancient by our measure, yet here he was young and healthy. His happiness and vigor was clearly evident in his brightly shining aura.

"Lobsang," he said at length, "it has been but the blink of an eye since our last meeting. You forget you have been tuned to Earth vibrations and deceived by the illusion of time."

He was right, of course. Living in the material world, we are caught in the artificial concept of time, the sun rising and setting, the progression of the seasons. Yet, without these abstract concepts to maintain order and assure survival of the physical form, our minds would be overwhelmed and riven to madness. Our brains act as a check valve to reality, allowing only what is required for daily survival. A large part on my training by the Lamas of Tibet consisted of learning to bypass the brain to get a clearer view of reality.

"You have seen much, Lobsang," said my guide, "but much has remained hidden from you. Now it is time for you to once more journey with me to see the wonders of the universe. You are ready to see that which only a few chosen mortals have ever been allowed. This is a great responsibility and not to be taken lightly. Few have been granted the opportunity that awaits you."

"I am ready to begin at once," I said.

I could sense the amusement and joy from the being of radiant light before

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me. His affection and love for me sparkled across the very essence of his astral being.

“This is a journey that you will take in the physical body,” he said. “You have one week to prepare. I will meet you again outside your house at this same time in seven days. We will come to take you then. You will be gone for seven days, so make the proper arrangements for what you leave behind.”

Before I could further question my guide, he withdrew and I found myself again in the physical form. Now I had seven days to wonder what grand adventure lay before me. But I had no time to worry; if I was to be gone for a week, I had to make immediate preparations to cover my absence.

A STRANGE CRAFT BECKONS

The week passed quickly. I had arranged for a friend who understood the reasons for my frequent impromptu trips to tend to the house, the cats and business while I was away. I was ready to go and spent the remaining moments in quiet meditation.

As I stood in the quiet darkness of my garden, the still, crisp March air held a hint of lingering winter. I gazed out over the sleeping countryside and pondered the night sky ablaze with its inscrutable stars.

I had seen and discovered so much in my amazing life that it scarcely seemed possible that my life wasn't just some wonderful dream and that I might awaken to find myself back in the horror that was me so long ago.

I had been a sad figure of a man who, in my darkest moments, could have easily snuffed out the candle of life. Instead of being consumed by infinity and reborn to begin life again, I was joined in both body and spirit by the essence and being of Lobsang Rampa.

We became one and we immediately understood our mission in this new form. Where once there was only despair, there was now knowledge, hope and purpose. It was for those reasons that I now stood alone in the chill evening, silently awaiting the wonder that was now my life.

One star in particular stood out in the deep firmament. It glowed with an iridescent rainbow of color that drew my attention. It seemed to slowly grow in size as it whirled like a glowing ball of nebulous light. I knew from past experience that this was the light ship I had been instructed to expect.

Anyone else who may have observed the craft would be correct in stating they saw a UFO. For me, however, there was nothing uncanny about the craft. I knew it was a vessel crafted of energy by the combined mental powers of enlightened beings.

Even before my own experiences with the flying saucers, I was curious about the true nature of UFOs and the exciting possibilities that we were being visited by beings from other worlds. I had been told by some of the other Lamas that

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certain UFOs were the ancient air vehicles flown by those who had fled the surface world to live evermore in underground caverns. At the time, I found these statements incredible because I could not imagine why anyone would want to abandon the lovely sights of the surface world to live in dark, damp, claustrophobic surroundings beneath the soil. But I was told and assured that there were many places in the underworld that were pleasant, healthy and brightly lighted.

I would later learn that our humble world is constantly being visited by craft, not only from other worlds in the universe, but from other dimensions, realities and times as well. The entire cosmos literally abounds with life and intelligent beings, and Earth, like many other inhabited worlds, is a place of interest for these fantastic creatures. One day mankind, as well, will explore the cosmos in the same ships of light and energy, visiting other worlds in our never-ending quest for knowledge and enlightenment. It will be a time of great joy for all.

As I continued to watch the “star,” it began to move pendulum-like, while it grew larger and nearer and brighter as it headed straight for me.

The night was unusually quiet and I felt as if I were the only living being upon the Earth. I felt isolated not only from physical reality, but from the astral level as well. I had noticed the same effect when we first came into contact with the otherworldly craft in Hidden Valley. But here, in my own garden, the effect produced a completely new sensation for me.

I was torn by feelings of awe and fear. One part of me wanted to join the light, to become one with it forever, while another, more primitive part of me, wanted to scream in terror and flee as quickly as I could.

Slowly the light began to descend, its movements making it appear as if it were a falling leaf. At the same time its color began to shift from a blazing white light to subtle shades of red, orange and violet. I cannot describe the utter beauty of the colors that were emitted from the strange craft. It was as if I were seeing the colors for the first time in my life; colors that could never be duplicated by human technology or by nature.

Clearly I was seeing energy shifting and slowing its vibrational field to become solid matter. Solid and, yet, not wholly solid. The colors continued to shift and change and flow as the craft quickly assumed a form I could determine—with my limited sight and interpretation—as a semisolid object, shimmering, with rainbow colors sweeping across its surface like the sheen on a soap bubble; a solid liquid, pulsing now and again like charged liquid glass.

I was overwhelmed by the thought that this vessel was more than metal or glass, more than solid or liquid. It emanated consciousness and intelligence. It was “alive,” it had a mind. I could feel its “thoughts” flowing into and around me, leaving me stunned and breathless, as it probed my very being. For the briefest time I became one with the craft. There was no sound. I did not feel the chill air. I

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was unaware of any other object or action around me. For that moment there was only the light and me. It was me. I was it. And then, as quickly as it had touched me, it withdrew.

Satisfied it had found the human it had been sent to find, it settled gently to almost touch the ground and small hatch opened or appeared at the lower side of the craft. It did not slid open or swing open; it appeared, it became, soft and semi-transparent, foggy, fuzzy, lighted within, beckoning me to enter.

Stepping through the door I experienced what seemed to be a slight electric shock as I crossed the threshold. There was apparently an energy field of some kind inside the craft. I could only suppose its purpose was to keep separate the outside environment from the inside. But now I felt no further effects.

Once inside I had expected to be greeted by the some superior beings from other worlds that had taken us on our previous travels beyond Earth. But instead of the Tall One or the Broad One, the interior of the ship was empty. I could see no controls or machinery of any kind. Instead, a white light that had no apparent source filled my surroundings to such a degree that I could see nothing else. It was as if I were inside a fluorescent tube, with the exception that this light was not bright and harsh, but pleasurable and relaxing.

"I am honored by your presence Lobsang Ramps," a pleasant voice suddenly spoke out.

"I am the one who is honored," I replied while bowing to the invisible voice. "It is a great privilege to be with you on this fantastic ship, but won't you appear to me?"

"Thank you my friend," replied the voice. "But you can already see me., for I am all around you. I am your host and mode of transport this evening."

The words made perfect sense. The feelings I had outside that I was in the presence of a living being were very correct. This was not simply a mechanical contrivance of some kind, a wonderful machine built of exotic metals and plastics, but a fantastic living creature beyond any sort that I had ever imagined.

"If it is not an improper question, might I enquire what sort of being you might be?" I asked hesitantly.

"It is not improper at all," said the voice. "It is with questions that we learn and grow. I am happy to answer to the best of my abilities any questions that you might have."

"Splendid!" I said happily. "I have never seen anything such as yourself Are you an artificial intelligence like a robot?"

"No, I am a living being much as yourself," said the voice.

"Could you explain?" I asked.

"As you are well aware," the voice said. "The principal essence of our uni-

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verse and the infinite number of other universes is consciousness. Our reality could not exist without consciousness. This living essence prevails throughout the known realities. Its source is the unknown outside the material and astral worlds. You, your fellow humans, myself and countless other life forms throughout all universes are part of this consciousness. It is infinite and we are all one with it.

“Those such as myself are beings of pure energy. We exist throughout all known realities. We are not constrained by time and space for we exist in the realms beyond and within the material world. We are often used by other species as a mode of transport. This is because we are not constrained by time and space. Creation in its entirety is within our reach.”

The voice, I noticed, seemed to be neither male or female in its tone and inflections. Instead it seemed a perfect and harmonious combination of the two, speaking with a melodious cadence that was both pleasant and soothing to hear.

“I have heard of beings such as you,” I said to my unseen host. “You have been called many names throughout the ages. My brothers from Tibet call you ‘Tulpas’ and western magical writings refer to you as ‘elementals.’”

“Those are merely names in an attempt to understand that which cannot be understood,” the ship replied. “It is true that we have known humans since the beginning of time. But we also know the other races throughout creation, for we are everywhere and part of everything. You will learn someday that all living creatures can be just as free as we are.

“Because of our ability to change our vibrational rate, we can temporarily become solid in the material worlds. When we are seen by living creatures we can be molded by impressions in the viewers mind and often we are seen as strange creatures such as the Yeti, aliens, or even deities. We have been blamed for much over the centuries, but it is actually your minds that have given us form and had us play your roles based on your belief systems.”

“‘Fantastic,’ I thought. There was so much about the nature of our world that I yearned to know that I could have stood and talked to my new friend for hours.

Unfortunately my traveling companion announced that our journey was already at an end.

“You have someone here who is anxious to see you,” the ship said. “We will meet again, so don’t despair, We will talk again soon, I promise.”

This came as a great surprise to me because I had sensed no movement of the ship to indicate that we were anywhere but the garden behind my home. Nevertheless, the open door showed that we had indeed travelled far from my backyard garden.

Stepping outside the cold air struck me immediately. I could see through the predawn mist that I was now high in the mountains somewhere. The towering peaks were unfamiliar and rose almost vertically from my vantage point. The gay, craggy

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rocks were totally devoid of any plant life and seemed menacing and hostile to interlopers such as myself.

AN OLD FRIEND

On a lonely outcropping of rock scarcely large enough to contain us, the ship had precariously landed and now seemed to attach itself to the mountain, turning the same rocky, gray color as its surroundings. I could no longer tell if it was simply hiding itself or if it had disappeared completely, I was now all alone.

All around me was nothing but rock so bare and utterly without color or life that I could have been on the moon instead of somewhere on Earth. Beside me, stretching off into the distance, was a mountain range of immense size and splendor, I was certain that few men had ever gazed upon this unknown land.

Against the face of the mountain was a fissure that in some ancient time had cracked open the living rock and formed a natural grotto. Just inside this shelter I could see the flickering glow of a small fire and smell the sweet smoke of burning wood. Since there was no one outside on the ledge to greet me, I decided that my place was to be in front of the fire, rather than shivering outside in the hostile elements.

Inside, the cave was pleasantly warm and smoky. A distinctly friendlier environment than the cold, uninviting mountains outside. Seated in front of the fire with his back to me sat a man clad in the traditional robes of a Tibetan Lama. I recognized instantly my friend of many years, whose astral invitation had brought me to this forbidding place, the Lama Mingyar Dundap.

"Master," I said, bowing deeply with my hands clasped together in the typical Tibetan greeting. "I have come as you requested."

"Welcome Lobsang," he replied without turning his head. "Come warm yourself in front of the fire."

I seated myself cross-legged on the ground opposite my Guide. The fire between us cast a flickering light upon his face. I had known Mingyar Dundap for many years, yet his face still appeared as strong and youthful as when we first met.

"Have some tea," he said, motioning towards the pot near the fire. "It is my one weakness. You know I never travel without it."

This was very true. Many of our sessions together over the years were accompanied by cups of Indian tea, a rich tea perfect for the cold, bleak weather of the Himalayas. Compared to the bland, mass produced teas found in England, this tea was thick with flavor, with a character as complex and unique as the far-away lands in which it was produced.

Sipping my tea, I motioned to the rocky walls around us and asked: "Master, could you tell me where we are? I don't recognize the mountains around us. It is all so unfamiliar."

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“These mountains are far to the north of our own Himalayas,” he told me. “They are part of the Tian Shan mountain range. But you will not find this particular range on any map. It is almost unexplored due to its nearly unscalable cliffs. We are now deep in a part of Asia that not only is inaccessible by the hazards of the landscape, but also by the local governments and current political situation. This area is forbidden territory as it is said the nearby Pamir plateau was once the garden of Eden. I doubt that many men outside the area know that these mountains even exist.”

My Guide’s words sent a thrilling shiver down my back. As a young man I had often dreamed of traveling abroad and being the first to explore strange places and unknown lands. Now, here I was sitting in a cave on a little-known range of mountains in a land unfamiliar with the footsteps of man. I was frightfully awed by what was happening, and deeply honored at the same time.

We sat in front of the fire talking for hours. We talked about our past adventures and the friends we knew. Finally, fatigue overcame me and I placed my mat back from the fire so not to be singed from the occasional flying ember. As I fell asleep, I could see my friend and guide, still seated by the fire, his eyes closed in silent prayer.

It seemed that I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was awakened by the smell of freshly brewed tea. Beside me was a small cup of that tea and several small cakes. The Master, who appeared not to have moved from his spot in front of the fire, was finishing his own breakfast.

“It is time that we begin our journey,” the Master said as he arose and began gathering his belongings. “We have far to go before we can rest, and I’m afraid where we bed next will not be in as comfortable as we enjoy now.”

Quickly finishing my tea and cakes, I picked up my backpack and buckled it around my shoulders. It wasn’t particularly heavy as years of experience had taught me to travel as light as possible. Mingyar Dundap’s pack was even smaller than my own. No doubt made up of a simple mat, a blanket, and the provisions for preparing tea.

Following my guide, we walked to the back of the cave where the light of the fire grew dim. The wall seemed no different than the rest of the cave, but the Lama evidently knew that this section was special as he reached out and pushed hard against the rocks.

Slowly, a boulder that had been deliberately set and balanced to such a fine degree that with a little effort it could be swiveled to the side, moved and revealed a hidden opening. Motioning me to follow, my guide stepped past the rocky portal and into the hidden passage. After we entered, the rock slid back into place and we were plunged into darkness.

“Master!” I exclaimed in panic.

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"Quiet," came his stern reply from the blackness. "Have patience." The darkness enveloped us to such a degree that I thought I had been struck down and removed of all my senses. Neither light or sound could penetrate this blackness. It was a darkness devoid of any form or substance.

The Master's voice suddenly spoke out: "Look," he said. "There is a light!" I strained my eyes, but the darkness remained unchanged.

"I see nothing," I said.

But I realized that I was starting to see shapes and forms. The darkness was slowly being replaced by a strange glow. The light was a beautiful range of subtle colors that reminded me of a warm summer day with a sky so blue you could lose yourself in it forever. I looked upwards, expecting to see an opening to the outside, but there seemed no direct source for this wonderful light. It was as if the air itself was luminous.

"It is so beautiful," I exclaimed in wonder. "Where does it come from?"

"This is the technology of men who lived on the Earth long before the creatures that would become humans had even crawled from the sea," was his reply. I understood the words, but the meaning still evaded me.

"But how can this be," I wondered out loud, "There were no men on Earth before us. Only simple life in the ancient seas. It is impossible."

"Not so, Lobsang," said the Lama. "The Earth is incredibly old. It is far older than scientists believe. What we were taught as the time of birth of our planet was simply the most recent wave of life to sweep it. There have been countless other waves as there will be countless more. We are not the first, nor will we be the last."

The Lama turned from me and began to walk down the passageway.

"We had better continue," he said.

The passageway that we were now in was roughly circular in shape and wide enough for ten men walking abreast to travel comfortably. The floors, walls and ceiling were of solid rock that had an odd, glassy texture. But unlike glass, the floor was not slick and very easy on the feet. I could conjecture that this tunnel had been somehow melted into shape. Perhaps with a high-energy device similar to a laser beam.

Silently the two of us continued on through the featureless tunnel. I could tell that it was slowly leading us downwards into the very heart of the mountains.

"No one knows who really built this passage through the rock," Mingyar Dundap suddenly spoke up. "It was made so long ago that nothing remains of that civilization. They have utterly vanished into the dust of countless ages. Not even a name exists to those who walked on this planet during its infant days."

"But this tunnel was made with modern techniques Master," I replied rub-

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bing the smooth wall. “No one could have made this except in the last few years.”

I had heard stories of secret underground fortresses built by governments and the military. Some were made as bomb shelters, others as secret bases of operation. This tunnel must obviously lead to such a facility, either built by the Communist Chinese, or even more daring, the Soviet Union or the United States. It appeared too shiny and new to be anything except another folly made by aggressive and paranoid humans,

“No human technology built this tunnel my friend,” the Lama laughed. “This tunnel and thousands like it all over the world were here and already ancient when men first strode out of Africa. In fact, this particular passageway was here long before the mountains above. It is made of a substance that can stretch and mold itself as the earth shifts and folds from tectonic pressures.”

“Where does it lead?” I asked.

“This tunnel is the beginning of a long journey that will take us into the very heart of our world,” answered the Lama. “We are privileged to be allowed to see the secret and hidden lands at the center of the planet. We are going to beloved Agharta.”

Agharta. The very name struck me with a force that took my breath away. This was the subterranean kingdom at the Earth’s center where the king of the world reigned and no living man could ever look upon. I had heard the name a thousand times, but I scarcely believed that such a place truly existed. It was as if a Christian had been told that he could walk around the block and visit Heaven. It was that unbelievable.

Ancient writings called the Puranas speak of the underground world. One such Puranic comment has to do with the narration of the Kalki Avatar: at the end of Kali Yuga, the Kalki Avatar will be born in the best of Brahmin families of the city of Shamballa to annihilate miscreants on the surface of the globe. Afterwards, the general Puranic version goes, men will come to the surface from the interior of the planet to recolonize and restart Vedic culture. It is noteworthy that Shambala is mentioned in the Puranas as a city of the planet’s interior. Not only in the Puranas, but also in the Tibetan collective memory, Shambala is deemed to be a city in the Earth’s interior.

There is another prominent Puranic story which openly makes reference to the hollow portion of the Earth. It is the story of the sons of Maharaj Sagara. Indra had stolen the sacrificial horse meant for the ashvamedha sacrifice (a type of fire sacrifice). As the story goes, his sons went searching after the horse and came to a Northern ocean, which they travelled over, and entered into the “bowels” of the Earth. There, they found the horse at the hermitage of Kapila Rishi. The sons of Sagara manhandled the Rishi even though he swore that it wasn’t he who had stolen the horse.

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Few societies exist that did not have some kind of myth or legend of the underground world and the people who dwelled within. One of the main tenants of the Mesopotamian, Egyptian, Greek and American Indian myths of creation is that man was created in the underworld, and then was sent or migrated to the surface. In the Greek myths, man was thus created from clay and fire in the womb of the goddess Gaea, who personified Mother Earth. Similarly, in the older Mesopotamian myths, man was created in the womb of Mami or Ninharsag, (Lady of the Mountain) who likewise personified the Earth. We know of this today as the sacred Garden of Eden, or the Isle of the Blessed.

Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier in their book *The Morning of the Magicians*, wrote: "This idea of a Hollow Earth is connected with a tradition which is to be found everywhere throughout the ages. The most ancient religious texts speak of a separate world situated underneath the Earth's crust which was supposed to be the dwelling-place of departed spirits. When Gilgamesh, the legendary hero of the ancient Sumerian and Babylonian epics, went to visit his ancestor Utnapishtim, he descended into the bowels of the Earth; and it was there that Orpheus went to seek the soul of Euridice. Ulysses, having reached the furthestmost boundaries of the Western world, offered a sacrifice so that the spirits of the Ancients would rise up from the depths of the Earth and give him advice. Pluto was said to reign over the underworld and over the spirits of the dead. The souls of the damned went to live in caverns beneath the Earth.

THE SECRET CAVERNS

We continued down the unchanging tunnel as Mingyar Dundap regaled me with ancient adventures of brave and noble humans who, either by purpose or accident, travelled to the underworld and returned. He told of gods and demigods who guarded their forbidden cities from any and all outsiders. To cross one of these mystical beings meant certain death for all mortal interlopers. It had seemed we had journeyed for hours. Neither the passageway nor the light changed. So unchanging was the featureless tunnel that we could have no way of determining if we had travelled for hundreds of kilometres or a few steps.

Due to the nature of the light and purity of the atmosphere, we could see for quite a distance either ahead or behind us. Only the slight downward curve of the tunnel interfered with how far we could see. After awhile, it became apparent to me that I could see a change of color in the tunnel before us. And as we drew closer, I could clearly see that we were approaching a section of the tunnel that had been intersected by another. Because of our long hours in a perfectly unchanging environment, the excitement I now felt was almost unbearable. My eyes had been aching for even the slightest bit of change in color or difference in texture. But now my senses were overwhelmed by the sheer size of the opening and chaotic appearance of the tunnel walls. Whoever was responsible for this intru-

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sion had used methods to breach the rock completely dissimilar from the original builders.

"Ah, here is our first stop," the Master said happily. "We can rest here for awhile."

On opposite sides of the tunnel were great holes that looked as if they had been blasted through with a massive force. I could see that the offending tunnel was crudely constructed with none of the finesse of the original. The new passageway, like the other, also stretched off into the distance. Despite its crude nature, I could only marvel at what efforts were required to dig such fantastic passageways through the planet's crust, Mankind had barely scratched the surface compared to these marvelous constructions.

"This is as far as we can go alone," the Lama said to me. "To go any further by ourselves would be foolhardy and dangerous. We must now rest here and wait. We will be joined soon by someone more familiar with these caves and their possible hazards."

A fire in these surroundings seemed out of the question. It wasn't needed for warmth, as the tunnel maintained a constant temperature comfortable for its travelers. And it wasn't needed for its light, as the passageway's illumination never wavered in its intensity. Nevertheless, fire was needed for the brewing of tea. And to not have hot tea after such a long journey was almost certainly uncivilized. However, before I could breach the question, the Lama collected the tea pot filled with water and placed it against the wall of the glassy tunnel. A few seconds later he brought it back and filled our cups with what was new hot water. I could not understand how this could happen.

Earlier, I had touched the walls with my bare hands finding them cool to the skin. But now, a pot filled with cold water was heated to nearly boiling in just a few seconds. It was as if the tunnel knew what was needed and it responded in kind. This was a science; beyond anything ever taught to me in school. I would soon learn that such marvels were commonplace here in the underground world. We drank our tea and ate what small provisions we brought with us. The Master spoke of the dangers of traveling in the caves.

"There are men who live close to the surface world," he said. "Some were part of a race that went underground before the last ice age. Others have been down here longer. They couldn't take their "science" with them, so they were forced to live in primitive conditions. Many of their descendants have degenerated into inhuman beasts who hunt each other, and sometimes surface people, for food and sport. They are despicable creatures who exist only for the pleasures of the flesh. They have lost their humanity and their souls."

"They sound like the demons of legend," I speculated. "They lived deep underground and came to the surface to bedevil and plague all humans and mock

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the Creator at every opportunity.”

“Even legends have their beginnings, Lobsang,” agreed my friend. “But I’m sure you must be tired after our pleasant walk, you should sleep now as tomorrow will take us even further into the inner recesses of the world.”

“Pleasant walk, indeed,” I thought as I unpacked my mat. This was the Master’s idea of a fine joke. I felt as if we had already walked halfway to the center of the Earth. It certainly hadn’t been a restful stroll through the garden. The Master in turn was unrolling his mat for sleep, so despite my reservations about rest in this strange place I, too, settled down and soon surrendered to sweet slumber.

A STRANGE DREAM

Perhaps it was the strange surroundings, or the unwelcome intrusion of thousands of probing, curious minds, but my sleep was invaded by unsettling dreams of a strange nature. In my dreams I was one with some kind of creature who lived in this underworld. I had only the slightest of intelligence and awareness of who I was and of those around me. My emotions were like those of a child—manic, untethered, wild, soaring to the extremes of happiness and anger. I was also filled with hunger that was unending and all consuming. It filled my mind and soul almost to the brink of madness.

I dreamt that I was hunting with my family. We were a small group made up of mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers and sisters. We sometimes joined up with others to hunt, but like all of our kind, we kept mostly to ourselves.

Our kind were relative newcomers to the caves. Even if my host wasn’t aware of it, my human mind knew that these creatures were at one time humans who entered the caves thousands of years ago. We had given up civilization and reverted back to the animal state of our primitive beginnings. And why not? What did civilization give to us except disaster, misery and the near destruction of our kind? We had no choice but to go underground and survive. And if survival meant throwing off the fakery of civilization and society, then so be it. We weren’t the only ones here, though. The tunnels and caverns were filled with millions of beings, some primitive and wild like us, others were intelligent and technologically oriented.

Over the millennium, we have adapted to our new environment. To keep out the cold, our hair is now long and covers the entire body. Our nails are long and sharp, as are our teeth. We are smaller, faster, and more crafty than our sick, corrupted forefathers when they first came to the caves. We are survivors.

I realize that we are slowly surrounding our unsuspecting prey. We silently take our positions so that there can be no escape. From my hiding spot I can now see our quarry. It is a young male from one of the more developed groups. He is hairless and is wearing manufactured clothes. It has been a long time since we hunted in these tunnels. The inhabitants have lost their fear of traveling alone and

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have grown unwary. It makes hunting that much easier for us. And why shouldn't it be easy for us? We have to eat and we serve a purpose to the creator like all living things. It is our purpose to hunt those who are weak or lame. We maintain the balance of nature.

With loud screams, the women and young ones dash from the rocks towards their startled prey. The human, who appears no older than fourteen years, leaps from his resting spot and tries to escape. Little does he realize that the shouting mass of woman and children are cleverly driving him into the waiting clutches of the adult males who are hidden around a bend in the tunnel. I am amongst this group that eagerly await our prey.

Before the young man even has a chance to shout, the adult males swarm over the doomed youth and drag him to the ground, their teeth ripping at his throat and tearing the tender flesh. I join the adults and savage his abdomen with my nails in an attempt to disembowel him. There is no escaping his fate, and the young human finally dies when his neck is broken and throat torn out.

There is no formality; we eat our prey on the spot, The larger males get the first, sweet blood that pours from the young man's neck. The rest of us tear at his flesh, ripping huge chunks that we greedily shove into our mouths and devour. When we finish, there will be little remaining save a few splashes of blood to show that the young man even once existed.

For awhile there will be a few more easy victims in this area. Then the rest will grow cautious and we will have to move on. But time is our friend and they will grow complacent once more and we will be back. They always forget and we always return.

I awoke with a start, the dream still flesh on my mind. I could still taste the salty tang of blood, and feel the still quivering flesh between my teeth. I looked at my hands, half expecting them to still be covered in the gore of the murdered young man. My physical hands were clean, but my soul felt tainted and blackened by the horrid, imposing dream.

Had it been real? Had I actually shared the body of some sad being with other half-human creatures that lived deep underground and preyed on other people? Or was it just some fantastic dream delved from some deep, forgotten place in my mind? I shuddered to think that my own subconscious could ever come up with such horrifying images.

So I concluded that the experience had been very real. I had somehow tuned into the mind of a savage creature that lived nearby. I now knew for certain that the tunnels were indeed dangerous. Travel from now on must be conducted with an extra degree of caution lest we are taken by surprise by the same creatures whose breakfast I had just shared. I did not savor such a reunion anytime soon. I gathered up my mat and looked around for the Master. I spotted him seated cross-

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legged by the junction of tunnels. He was not alone. Seeing that I was awake, he motioned me to approach.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you decided to join us on this expedition Lobsang," he joked. "I was afraid that you would sleep away our allotted time."

The stranger, sitting with the Lama, was a man about thirty years old and wearing a light grey shirt and slacks. His skin was unusual, appearing deeply tanned with an underlying olive green color. His eyes were slightly larger than normal and slanted downwards, giving him an oriental appearance. His cheekbones were high and his chin was sharp and pointed. His mouth was small and surrounded by almost featureless lips. He seemed very human, but with features that I did not recognize on people from the surface world. This was a strange fellow indeed.

"You must try this food our new friend has brought us," said the Master handing me a bowl filled with vegetables.

I gingerly poked at the contents of the bowl with my chop sticks. Some of the ingredients looked like chunks of meat. I maintained a vegetarian diet, but especially after my disturbing dream I did not fancy eating any kind of meat at the moment.

The stranger, watching me inspect my breakfast, laughed a deep laugh and said: "You don't have to worry, Bub. It only looks like meat. I know cooks who can take mushrooms and soy beans and make dishes that you would swear to your gods were made with real meat, so go on and enjoy."

True to his word, the meal was excellent and filling. We washed it down with cups of hot Indian tea. As we shared some sweet cakes I got to know our visitor.

Leo's what you can call me," he said, "I'm not going to tell you my real name because that is only known to my family. It's bad luck to let outsiders know your true name you know."

"Our new friend will be our escort from now on," the Master said. "His people are known throughout the planet as excellent guides to the tunnels. We wouldn't dare go any further without their help."

"Are you from the surface world?" I asked. "I don't think I have ever seen anyone quite like you."

Leo laughed at my question.

"Oh no," he said. "I come from a town beneath the surface. Our people have lived below ground for a very long time. Unlike others who moved into the caves, we maintained contact with the surface world. For a price, we do 'favors' for those on the surface. Sometimes things need to be done that only we can do— things that can't be trusted to a surface dweller.

"There are powerful people in your world who know all about the peoples

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who live beneath their feet. We've done their dirty work since the beginning of your civilization. That is, if the price is right."

"You're a 'hired guide?" I asked, somewhat taken aback by his candor.

"You could put it that way Bub," he answered. "We're businessmen. We work for a living. We bring down much needed supplies to our people in exchange for our favors. We play a very important role in the exchange of goods and services from your world to ours. But don't worry. I have been amply paid for my services as your guide on this trip, We are very loyal to our customers."

Leo has come very highly recommended, Lobsang," the Master interjected. "There is no need for mistrust and suspicion."

Though I didn't know it at the time, I later learned that there is a long history in myths and legends of beings very much like our friend Leo. The American Indians called them "Tricksters," supernatural creatures that lived in caves and confounded the Indians with their mischievous, and often deadly games. Certain areas were considered taboo because of the Tricksters.

These beings have also apparently managed to infuse themselves in the flying saucer and conspiracy cultures of the 20th century. The physical descriptions of some UFO occupants and the Men-In-Black, so often reported by flying saucer witnesses and researchers, bear a striking resemblance to the race of people Leo belongs to.

It would seem that there is a conspiracy afoot on the planet that involves certain groups of very powerful and influential people. These people have used their centuries old contacts with the underworld people to create hoaxes and lies concerning flying saucers and the beings flying them.

Possibly these powerful groups are worried that contact with beings from other planets would interfere with their continued world domination. They may have used these underworld "hit man" to frighten or even harm those who may be too close to the "truth. This is pure speculation on my part based on the little bits of information that Leo provided us.

With Leo as our guide, we set off from the glassy tunnel down the new, roughly hewn passageway. Leo explained that these tunnels were dug at a much later date than the glassy tunnels, and were a more direct route to our ultimate destination.

"The glassy tunnels weren't made for foot travel," Leo told us. "They were actually constructed to carry people and supplies from the surface to the cities down below using ancient flying machines called vimanas. We have no idea how old the glass tunnels really are. They were already here when the first of the underground dwellers arrived, so they must be incredibly ancient, Even our legends are at a loss to say how old the tunnels really are."

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ANCIENT AIRCRAFT OF THE GODS

For those not familiar with the name, vimanas were highly advanced ancient Indian flying machines mentioned in the great Indian national epic, the Mahabharata. The Mahabharata tells the story of the long war between the Kauravas and the Pandavas. This war was apparently willed by the ancient Indian Gods with the intention of easing the problem of overpopulation in the world.

It is in the Mahabharata that we hear about Bhima who flew with his vimana on an enormous ray which was as brilliant as the sun and made a noise like the thunder of a storm.” And in the same great ancient Indian epic we also hear about the great warrior Arjuna’s ascent to Indra’s heaven.

According to legends, Arjuna was not a god, but a mortal. However, during the telling of his particular adventure we are told of his ascent to heaven in a car that travels upwards to the clouds with a noise like thunder. Whilst traveling to heaven Arjuna apparently also sees flying cars that have crashed and are out of action and other flying cars that are stationary, whilst others fly freely in the air. Interestingly in the Mahabharata we also find information about the terrible weapons belonging to the ancient Indian Gods that, in the light of our present day knowledge, do sound eerily like atomic weapons.

In the Ramayana, often cited as the second great Indian epic after the Mahabharata, we are told about vimanas that fly at great heights with the aid of quicksilver and a rear propulsive wind. These vimanas could apparently travel vast distances through the air or underground and manoeuvre upward, downward and forward. They were magnificent machines fit only for royalty and the gods.

Perhaps the most challenging information about these allegedly mythical vimanas in the ancient records is the precise instructions on how to build one. In the Sanskrit Samarangana Sutradhara, it is written:

“Strong and durable must the body of the vimana be made, like a great flying bird of light material. Inside one must put the mercury engine with its iron heating apparatus underneath. By means of the power latent in the mercury which sets the driving whirlwind in motion, a man sitting inside may travel a great distance in the sky. The movements of the vimana are such that it can vertically ascend, vertically descend, move slanting forwards and backwards. With the help of the machines human beings can fly in the air and heavenly beings can come down to earth.”

The Hakatha (Laws of the Babylonians) states quite unambiguously: “The privilege of operating a flying machine is great. The knowledge of flight is among the most ancient of our inheritances. A gift from those from upon high. We received it from them as a means of saving many lives.”

More fantastic still is the information given in the ancient Chaldean work,

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The Sifrala, which contains over one hundred pages of technical details on building a flying machine. It contains words which translate as graphite rod, copper coils, crystal indicator, vibrating spheres, stable angles, and so on.

I marveled at the thought of watching those incredible flying machines shooting up and down the ancient tunnels that connected the inner and surface worlds. Now they were mostly abandoned and unused except for the occasional foot traffic to the hidden exits to the surface. Leo did say that there are sightings once in awhile of strange vehicles that fly up and down the tunnels. Like the flying saucer sightings above ground, the tunnel sightings are mostly considered folklore. Nevertheless, it would not surprise me if the deepest recesses of the planet still hold those who know how to use the ancient technologies of the old ones.

A MOST WONDERFUL LIGHT

As we walked down the tunnel, I again noticed the soft light that seemed to shine from no apparent source. It seemed as if the air itself were luminous, casting a glow over the entire area with a light unlike any on the surface. Perhaps Leo would have a better explanation on where this light came from.

“What is the source of the light?” I asked our guide.

“No one really knows,” Leo answered. “Our legends say it was part of the Old Ones’ science that has become lost over the millions of years. Others say it is astral light created by magic of the Old Ones. Science or magic, is there really any difference?”

“The Old Ones,” I said. “I thought your people were the ones who carved these rough tunnels.”

“Oh, no, it wasn’t us,” our guide said. “We haven’t been down in the caves for that long. No more than 50 or 60 thousand years. These and the glass tunnels were already here when we arrived. Of course there are others who have been underground for a lot longer than us, millions of years, and they say the tunnels were here when they were forced to flee to the caves when the sun turned radioactive.”

Leo’s words may have shocked those who had been taught in school that our society was the only advanced civilization to have arisen on the planet. I had heard in the past from some of the old Lamas that other powerful civilizations, now lost in time, have risen and fallen on the Earth. But I had never heard of any civilization as far back as Leo said. Millions of years ago? It was impossible. Yet all through this journey both Leo and my Master have spoken of the incredible age of the caverns and the beings who built them. Still, my mind reeled with questions that needed answers.

“How could the tunnels be that old?” I asked, “People haven’t been around that long. Less than a million years I think it is.”

“The world’s been around for a long time, Bub,” Leo answered. “She looks

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pretty good for her age, don't you think? Fooled a lot of those snooty scientists on the surface."

"But that doesn't answer...." I began, only to be interrupted in mid-question.

"Look — I can't answer your questions friend," Leo said. "All I know is that there have been a lot of people and other things roaming these caverns for a very long time. 'That's a problem you see. Some of them left their science and machines behind when they left. Those machines were found by some not-so -nice people who like to cause problems, both down here and on the surface, Those machines are so old that no one knows what they were originally built for. Only now they are being used for evil purposes. They have incredible powers that can tear your soul apart. I've seen with my own eyes the damage that these machines can do to a person. There are some incredibly beautiful things down here my friend. But there is also incredible ugliness as well."

The Master, Mingyar Dundap, who had been quietly listening to our conversation, suddenly spoke up.

"We have been taught," he said, "that the creatures who now operate these hateful machines have become sick and twisted, both in body and mind, by their use of the machines, They have grown dependent on the machines radiations—radiations that in times past were used to heal the body and soul. But now the machines are used to hurt and destroy and the radiations sicken and warp those who use them."

Before he could continue, on the path just ahead there appeared a figure wearing a cloak with the hood pulled up to cover its head. The sudden and unexpected appearance made the three of us stop in our tracks in surprise. Despite the fact that the figure was completely covered from head to toe, I could tell that it was a woman under her cloak.

"Err, I didn't smell her coming," Leo said quietly.

The figure reached up and pulled down the hood to reveal her face. She stared at us with eyes as cold and blue as a Siamese cat. It shocked me to think that a woman would be out alone in the caves, especially after hearing the tales of savagery and danger from our guide. The caves could be dangerous even for groups of well-armed men. One woman alone was asking for almost certain trouble from the dark denizens that prowl the caves and tunnels.

"Something's not right," Leo hissed.

"I agree," said the Master.

Slowly, her eyes never straying from ours, the woman took off her cloak. At first glance she appeared totally nude. But she was actually wearing a thin, nearly transparent, dress that clung to her body and ended just below her hips. Her skin was the golden color of wheat with a hint of olive just below the surface. Her hair, which cascaded down around her shoulders, was silvery with highlights that

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seemed to sparkle with a life all their own. I could not take my eyes off of her. She seemed to radiate a raw, physical sexuality that I had never before felt.

Sensuously, like a snake before its entranced prey, she began to dance. No one dared breathe as the woman silently danced before us. Her hips undulated to the rhythm of some unheard primal music that caressed us with its silence.

Her hands roamed freely over her body as she stroked herself with increasing passion. Her movements flamed a fire within me that seemed to emanate from all of my chakra points at once. But instead of a spiritual fire, this woman was arousing a sexual energy from within us that was as potent and powerful as any astral energies. We were all captivated by her unearthly charms.

The cavern was deathly silent except for the sound of our collective heartbeats. It was as if we had been sealed like insects in amber, forever cut off from the rest of the world.

In stark contrast to the unearthly silence, the air in the tunnel had become alive with an energy that was almost electrical in nature. I could feel the small hairs on the back of my neck rising in response. At first I thought it was my own inflamed passion for the strange woman before us, but I soon realized that the very atmosphere itself was alive with a raw power that enveloped us all.

So great was our bewitchment that if the gods had decided to strike us dead on the spot, we would have all died in ecstatic joy for having experienced just a glimpse of this enchantress before us.

She stopped moving and slowly brought her arms up, her hands outstretched in an obviously open invitation to join with her, to enjoy the earthly pleasures that she offered so freely, so unselfishly. Her body was a temple, and we were mere mortals, worshipers to her divine body. We were being given a chance to commune with the holy of physical pleasures. To supplicate and be enveloped forever in indescribable ecstasy. Nothing else mattered to me anymore. My whole purpose in life was to become one with the goddess in front of me. Everything and everyone that ever meant anything to me were forgotten in a blaze of unholy desire.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

Before I could step forward to join the siren before us, our guide, Leo, took a few lurching steps toward the woman. I felt an uncontrollable anger that stabbed and twisted at my heart. Leo was going to take what was rightfully mine. He was going to be the one to adulate at her divine altar, not me. This thought coursed through my blood and filled my brain with fiery anger and hate.

The Master now also moved forwards and I was filled with even more hatred for this man who had been my mentor, my beloved friend for all these years. It was bad enough that the stranger was going to usurp my rightful place with this woman, but now my friend had betrayed me. This was a hurt that struck me to my

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very core and left me hollow inside and utterly alone. But Mingyar Dundap was not after the woman; instead he grabbed Leo by his arm and forcibly dragged him back.

“Come to your senses friend,” the Master said, “It’s an illusion. She’s not real”

“But she wants me,” moaned Leo. “She needs me. I have to be with her!”

The Master’s urgent tone halted my own progress and gave my mind a chance to catch up to the demanding signals of my body. My mind began to clear and I was now aware just how caught up in the moment I had been. I felt that I had been forcibly hypnotized somehow and my mind stripped of all rational thought. The Master had not released his grip on Leo’s arm as he struggled against the Master’s grip in an effort to free himself and join his newfound love. However, years of training in the martial arts allowed Mingyar Dundap to hold on to Leo’s arm with a firm yet gentle grip. He spoke softly to Leo with soothing words, as a parent might soothingly talk to a small child frightened of the night. Leo soon stopped his protests and began to quietly weep.

“Lobsang,” said the Master. “Are you all right? You have to fight it. Don’t let it take you. It’s a trick.”

I didn’t answer. My eyes were still riveted to the vision before us. By now she had dropped her arms and regarded us with a blank stare. Her eyes had lost their fire and had become cold and dead, like the glass eyes of an old doll.

Suddenly the air was filled with terrifying shouts and screams in an unknown language. From out of the walls came a group of the most fearsome creatures that I had ever seen before in my life. So loathsome and unbelievable was their appearance that they could have sprung from the worst nightmares of a madman. They were like the demons from ancient Tibetan legends, but these devils were all too real as they leaped and scuttled about the cavern. The tunnel was now filled with the sickening beasts as they advanced upon us.

Leo had stopped his crying and watched in horror as the monsters filled the cavern.

“It’s them” He whispered hoarsely. “They’ve found us. They know we are here!”

They came in all shapes and sizes, though all appeared short and stunted due to the twisted shape of their bodies. All were humanoid in structure, but only resembled men in the most perverted of fashions. Their backs were bent and contorted and many carried humps on their shoulders.

Their naked skin was a sickening pale white, like the soft flesh of squirming maggots that swarm the rotting flesh of the dead. Oozing sores and decay covered their skin and it hung in fat folds across their misshapen bodies. Their faces were the most frightening of all as they revealed their all too human origins. Nev-

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ertheless, they were now mutated and degenerate, far removed from their remote human ancestors. Their noses were long and fleshy, almost elephantine in appearance, and their eyes were pig-like and devoid of any trace of humanity. Their contorted mouths were filled with putrid green canine teeth that they obviously used to bite huge chunks out of their victims.

They continued to scream and rage, but instead of attacking us, they fell upon the woman who made no move to protect herself. It was a horrifying sight as the beast-men ripped into her. They ravaged her in unspeakable ways and tore at her flesh with gigantic, yellowed finger nails and decaying teeth.

There was nothing we could do. We were frozen to the spot. Even if we could move, we would have been no match for the evil, blood-crazed creatures. They were totally overwhelming in their numbers and ferocity.

Throughout the ordeal the woman remained strangely silent, even as the creatures ripped her limbs loose and tore at her entrails she uttered not a sound. And just when my fear was at it greatest, when I was certain that my mind was about to shatter and be torn loose forever from its hold on sanity, the entire horrifying scene before us vanished.

Save for us, the tunnel was now completely empty. The woman, the creatures, any evidence of their presence, were now utterly gone. As well, the paralyzing fear and the overwhelming desire had also faded away. The tunnel was silent and peaceful. Only the sounds of our labored breathing broke the stillness.

"What happened? Where did they go?" I asked, turning to look over my shoulder.

"It wasn't real Lobsang," said the Master. "It was an illusion, a vision sent by the hell spawn who have taken and perverted the science and machines of the Old Ones. The creatures you saw were once humans such as us."

Leo sank to his knees and wiped with face with a cloth. He had been the most affected by the vision and his face mirrored the torment in his soul.

"All of my life I had heard the stories," he finally managed to say. "I always thought they were fairy tales told to scare children and hysterical women. I never once thought they could be true. But it is true! The demons really exist and they know we are here!"

"Obviously our journey has attracted some unwanted attention," the Master said. "We had better be on our way, just in case our tormenters might want to return and make a physical appearance."

We quickly gathered up our belongings that were dropped during our ordeal and hurried down the tunnel. A thousand questions danced in my head.

"Master," I said. "Surely we must be in the wrong tunnel. How could such a terrible place lead to our beloved Agharta? How could such unholy creatures live so close to the Enlightened Ones and the sacred cities? It doesn't make sense. We

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must be wrong and this journey is a trick by evil spirits who desire to mislead us.”

“It is indeed difficult to imagine why this world would have a need for such loathsome creatures,” said the Master. “But they would not be here if they didn’t have an important role to play. It is not our place to ask why such things are. We simply have to accept that all is how it should be. But we also have to be diligent in making sure we don’t really cross paths with them. It is a fate that I don’t particularly relish.”

“It has to be the Old Ones’ machines,” Leo suddenly spoke up. “The ancient machines could do wonderful things like send images across great distances through solid rock. That must be what we saw and felt. We were under the influence of some faraway machine.”

“But how could those disgusting animals operate a machine?” I asked.

“The machines must be able to operate on their own, or are so simple that even a child could use them,” the Master said. “But as I said before, Lobsang, those creatures were once men just as you or I.

“Thousands of years ago they discovered the Old Ones’ machines. The machines were still functioning and ready for use. But instead of using these fantastic devices for their original purposes, they used them to control or hurt others. They used the healing rays to inflame their physical pleasures and they abused their bodies and their minds.

“After centuries of continued abuse, the rays slowly changed their genetic structure and they mutated into the hideous beasts we saw today. They have lost most of their intelligence and all of their humanity. They live only for the most disgusting physical pleasures and allow nothing to stand in their way of achieving this.”

“Well let’s pick up the pace,” Leo said. “My village is still quite far away and I want to get us there in one piece,”

“No,” said the Master. “As much as it distresses me to say, we have another task to deal with first. During our ordeal I received a most disturbing vision. There is an encampment of the beasts nearby and we have to go there.”

“That’s impossible,” Leo countered. “Except for what we just saw, no one has ever seen the beasts around here. They’re supposed to live far, far away.”

“They are closer than you think,” replied the Master. “I suspect that there have been no sightings of the beasts because no one has ever lived to tell of their experience.”

I knew that it was pointless to argue with Mingyar Dundap when it came to his visions. He was known all over the land for his abilities and selfless acts. If the Master said that we were needed someplace, then there was no question in my mind about what I had to do.

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The Master pointed to a group of boulders against the wall. Moving them aside revealed a small, dark passageway that ran deep into the rock.

INTO THE DRAGONS LAIR

The secret passage was no more than a fissure through the tunnel wall, barely big enough for one man at a time to enter. The master led the way with Leo watching our backs. We had walked for no more than ten or fifteen minutes when the fissure opened into a small, dank cavern. The smell was absolutely disgusting. It was all we could do not to bolt and run. The light was dim, consisting of several small fires scattered about on the floor. We could just make out a small enclosure made of rough wood and wire. In this pen I could see the unmoving body of a woman.

"Is that the woman we saw back in the tunnel?" I whispered,

"Shhh," cautioned the Master. "It isn't her. This is a real woman from the surface who needs our help. Look; in the back of the cave. There are the beasts who hold her captive."

Straining my eyes against the dim light, I could just barely make out ten or fifteen figures lying up against the cave wall. Even in the dark, I could tell that these were the same types of disgusting creatures that we had seen back in the tunnel. They appeared to be unconscious or asleep.

"Now is the time we must act," said the Master. "They have drugged themselves into a stupor with the rays of a machine. We can get in and out without them knowing we were even here."

With Mingyar Dundap leading the way, we silently entered the cavern and made directly for the enclosure. The woman inside was also unconscious and seemed all but lifeless as we pulled down the wires surrounding her. At the same time we kept a watchful eye on the figures on the far side of the cave, ever vigilant to their possible awakening,

With the comatose woman supported between us, we entered the fissure. We quickly made it to our starting point in the tunnel and rolled the boulders back into their original place in front of the fissure.

"We must take her away from this place as quickly as we can," ordered the Master. "The more ground we can put between us and those beasts the safer we will be. The creatures will be slow to awaken from their machine induced state of intoxication so we have time to get away."

"We can take her to my people," Leo said. "She will be safe there."

Using our blankets, we made a hammock to carry between us. We placed the still unconscious woman inside and started off down the tunnel. It was obvious that she had been treated roughly by her captors. She was dirty and covered in scratches and bruises, but I could tell she was no more than 21 or so.

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What was left of her clothes hung in tatters across her body. I shuddered to think of what unspeakable things had been done during her captivity. I said a silent prayer in her behalf. No doubt my companions were also contemplating the sad figure that was now in our protection. I have no idea how long we walked. At this point my body and mind were numb from exhaustion and the day's events. If not for my Tibetan training in Yoga and other mystic disciplines, I would have collapsed onto the rock floor many miles back. As it was, I could barely carry my end of the sling that held our unmoving guest. Nevertheless, the journey remained uneventful and the tunnel was as peaceful and quiet as before. This was a welcomed change due to the now fragile condition of our collective psyches.

I would have shouted for joy if I had the strength when Leo finally said that his town was nearby. Instead, I straightened my back and quickened my step, gaining fortitude from the knowledge that at least this part of our trip would soon be at an end. The tunnel opened into a large cavern and we entered Leo's hometown.

THE GOOD PEOPLE

With the woman in safe hands we were shown to a guest house. Of course, when I say "house" a better description would be a yurt, which is a Mongolian structure that is round and portable with a self-supporting frame. These yurts were built from saplings laced together with leather thongs and covered with animal hides. All in all, a very comfortable and welcoming place to stay after days of sleeping on cold, hard rock.

Leo's town consisted of several small groups of yurts clustered in the middle of the cavern. There were probably no more than eighty or ninety people total, most consisting of extended families. These people were essentially nomads who could pick up and move their belongings in short order.

In the center of the village stood a tall pole carved with figurines. At the apex of this pole was a bright light that illuminated the entire cavern in such a way that I would have sworn the sun was overhead. Somewhere in the past I had heard of such things, old tales of magic crystals that shone with the light of the sun. Considering what I had seen over the last several days, glowing rocks would not seem out of place in this strange land.

After we had settled in, we dined with the rest of the village in a large community hut. We were told by the village matriarch that the woman we had brought in was responding to their herbal treatments and would be able to leave soon.

"When the Good People arrive they will take her with them," the old woman said to us. "She will be given treatments to erase her memories of the caves and of the boast-men. When she is returned to the surface, she will have no memory of where she has been or what has happened to her. It is best that she forget what has happened. No one should carry such memories with them."

"Who are the Good People?" I asked.

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“The Good People are those who resisted abusing the Old Ones’ machines for their carnal pleasures,” Leo answered. “Instead, they are said to be dedicated to doing battle with the beasts and helping those in need. They are the Knights of Agharta who use the machines to help others.

“Like the beasts, I always thought the Good People were fairy tales. Much as the surface world has tales of knights who slew dragons, we have legends of the Knights of Agharta who guard the underworld from destruction and evil. I guess I should have listened more closely to the stories my grandmother used to tell me.”

“The Good People do exist,” the Master said. “They have been expecting our arrival and will be here shortly for the woman.”

“How do you know this?” Leo asked.

“We have been called to sacred Agharta for more than one reason,” Mingyar Dundap said. “Even though my apprentice had no idea of why we were called, it was our responsibility to rescue the woman from the beasts. This act was necessary to cleanse our souls and allow our bodies to accept the different vibrational realm where beloved Agharta exists.”

“There is to be a gathering of the enlightened souls from this planet,” the Master continued. “Soon will be the time when great changes will take place on Earth. These changes will be the beginning of a great transformation for all of mankind. Much like our rescue of the woman, mankind must learn to let go of its selfish ways and live to help his brothers. We will soon be joined by our brethren from the stars. They have been watching us for a long time, waiting for us to reach the crossroads in our spiritual evolution. When the time is right, we will be invited to join them and see for ourselves the wonders the creator has provided in this universe.”

So that was how the Master knew about the woman, I thought to myself. He had been told in advance where we needed to go and what was to be done.

“The Good People will be here when the fire crystal is on its fifth cycle,” the Master told the villagers.

“So that’s what the light is in the center of town,” I said. “What is a fire crystal?”

Leo answered my question: “Fire crystals used to be the power source of the ancient civilizations of Atlantis and Mu. Each crystal contains the energies of a star in their heart and will remain powerful for thousands of years. The ancient crystals were of course much larger and more powerful than ours. It is said that these two great powers used their crystals to wage war and, as a consequence, destroyed each other at the same time. A few crystal pieces survived the cataclysm; that’s how we got ours. We are considered a powerful village because of our fire crystal. There are those who would love to take it away from us and gain our power, but we won’t let that happen.”

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When our meal was finished we returned to our yurt to rest. There the Master told me about the next leg of our journey.

"When the Good People arrive for the woman, we will go with them as well," he said. "We will be taken to a portal that will allow our physical bodies access to the realm of Agharta. Because of this, we must now fast until we make the transition. I would also suggest you use the remaining time to clear your mind of unpleasant thoughts. In the land of Agharta your thoughts are reality and the untethered mind can be a dangerous thing."

Like its heavenly counterpart, the fire crystal in the center of the village began to slowly grow dimmer to imitate nightfall. Even after centuries of living underground, these people still needed to respond to the ancient dance of the cosmos. Night in the caves with a fire crystal was equivalent to twilight on the surface. It was just dark enough to sleep, yet not so dark that an enemy could sneak up on you when you slept. I did my Yoga exercises and tried to sleep. It would be a restless night.

A HORRIFYING TALE

The next "morning" we were up early and ready to go. Both the Master and I were fasting and I could tell that he missed his morning cup of tea just as much, if not more, than I. The entire town had turned out to see us off, and our friend Leo brought with him someone who was also very happy to be there that morning.

"Look who is awake and ready to go," Leo said happily.

To my surprise, Leo had with him the woman who just a few hours ago seemed so close to death. Now she was awake and wearing fresh, clean clothes. Her light brown hair was washed and combed, and with the exception of a few light scratches on her face, appeared to be healing quickly.

Smiling broadly, the woman hugged both the Master and myself. "I understand that I also have you two to thank for rescuing me from those monsters," she said.

The Master smiled at the woman and reached out to move a lock of her hair off of her face, much as a doting parent would do with a beloved child.

"That time is past my child," the Master said softly. "It is time for you to begin your journey home and start your life anew."

Over the years I had often seen this soft side of the Master toward others. While many monks and lamas seal themselves away from their fellow man in search of spiritual enlightenment, Mingyar Dundap had always sought out those who needed help, giving freely of himself to those in need. He was often criticized by those who thought he should spend more time at prayer rather than out helping the sick. But he had once told me that the true path toward enlightenment was more than mastery of the self; it also involved mastery over the ego. The greatest gift that we can give to others is ourselves.

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“We will be going with you part of the way my dear,” the Master told the woman. “You will be given a chance to rest with the Good People before you are sent home.”

A loud roar, like that of a jet, suddenly filled the cavern and the crowd split apart to allow access to the strangest looking vehicle I think I have ever seen. The machine was large and shaped like a cylinder with large openings on all sides.

Around each opening was a large rubber cushion that opened down their entire length. The roar came from fans inside each opening. The wind they produced kept the rubber cushions inflated.

Like us, the villagers were in awe of the strange machine before them. As Leo had said earlier, the stories of the men-beasts and the Good People were considered folklore and fairy tales, though many of the old people could remember firsthand experiences, the young people laughed it off as tall tales. Everyone wanted to see a legend come to life.

The machine settled down onto the floor of the cavern. From our perspective it resembled somewhat the new hovercraft ferry that operates between Dover and Calais, France. From the side of the craft, a door opened and from within emerged a young man dressed in a white robe who clasped his hands together and bowed to the crowd that had gathered around him.

“I am here to take Master Mingyar Dundap and his group,” the man said to the crowd. “Is he here amongst you?”

We stepped out of the crowd and the Master said: “I am Master Mingyar Dundap. We humbly request a small place on your vessel. We are small in number and would not take up much room or trouble you in any way.”

“Welcome Master,” the young man greeted. “I would be honored if you and your friends would travel with me. I have far to go and your company would be most welcome.”

We shook hands with Leo, thanking him for his help.

“I can’t say that it was a fun job,” Leo joked, “but it definitely was an adventure, one that I don’t think I’d want to repeat again any time soon. Good luck to all of you and may the gods favor you for the rest of your journey.”

Along with the woman, we entered the craft and the driver pulled the door shut behind us. The inside of the craft was small compared to overall size. I imagine the fans used to generate the flow of air took up most of the available space. But the inside was warm and the seats comfortable, so we settled back for the next leg of our trip.

“You may call me Toc Hamir,” the driver told us. “This vehicle is made specifically to travel the tunnels. That’s why it’s shaped like a cylinder. The ship floats on cushions of air generated by the fans and we can travel quite fast as long as the tunnels are the right size. For the large tunnels we can only use the bottom fans to

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float across the floor. But smaller tunnels allow me to use all the fans that surround the ship and increase our speed.”

As Toc Hamir busied himself with the controls, the Master handed out rough bread and cheese given to us by the friendly people of Leo’s village. As we ate, our new traveling companion told us how she came to be captured and enslaved by the beast men.

“My name is Alice Runyan and I was born and raised in Austin Texas,” she said. “After graduating college I moved to New York City to work for an advertising company. I hadn’t been with them for very long when it all happened. I had worked late one night and the building was almost empty. When I got onto the elevator and pushed the lobby button, the elevator instead went all the way down into the basement. I pressed the lobby button again, but the elevator continued to go down past the basement level. When the doors finally opened, I found myself in a large rocky cavern. The elevator refused to work and I was trapped. That’s when I saw them!”

Alice paused, her eyes glazed over as she remembered the fearful event.

“Go on dear,” the Master said kindly. “It will do you good to remember.”

Alice bit her lip and shuddered noticeably as she fought back the tears. It occurred to me as I watched Alice struggle to talk about her ordeal, that she was handling the memory much better than most people might have under similar circumstances. I surmised that possibly part of her treatments back in the village consisted of special herbal remedies to help deal with traumatic memories. Still, Alice managed to continue her recollections.

“The elevator had stopped in a room that looked like it had been blasted out of solid rock,” she said. “The only light came from the elevator and didn’t penetrate very far into the darkness. I became aware of a horrible smell, somewhat like garbage and unwashed people. It stank so badly it brought tears to my eyes. There was a whispering sound coming from the darkness in front of me and I backed into the elevator to try and escape. But it didn’t do any good, They came right in to me. I couldn’t stop them.”

“Who came in?” The Master asked her.

“Them!” Alice suddenly screamed causing Toc Hamir to turn from his controls and look back at us.

“They were horrible,” Alice whispered, “There were three of them. They walked right into the elevator and grabbed me. I couldn’t stop them. I had never seen anything like them before in my life. They were short and fat, almost bloated. Their skin was pale white, bristly and covered with dripping sores. But their faces made me want to start screaming and never stop. Their lips hung from their open mouths and they drooled uncontrollably, It looked like their faces were covered with tumors of some kind because they were distorted and twisted in unearthly

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ways. And although they were almost hidden by the growths, I could see their eyes and they were human eyes.”

“I don’t really remember too much after that,” she said in a voice almost too faint to hear. “I know they stripped me of my clothes and molested me, but everything else is vague. I remember being in a cage, sometimes with other people like me. When the creatures wanted us, they just came and took us and there was nothing we could do. They must have kept me drugged or something because I just didn’t care anymore. That’s all I remember until you came and rescued me.”

“That’s fine Alice,” the Master said, “It’s all over now and you should rest and try to forget.”

The Master Mingyar Dundap began to speak to Alice in a quiet, rhythmic voice as he slowly moved his hands above her shoulders and head. I recognized the technique the Master was using to smooth Alice’s aura. When we become sick or upset, our astral energy field, or aura, becomes weak, ragged and displaced. By using his hands as external energy points, the Master was able to infuse his healing energies into Alice’s auric field to hasten her healing and quiet her injured, troubled soul.

Alice soon drifted off to sleep and we moved towards the front of the vessel so we would not disturb her.

“It sounds like she was the victim of the beasts’ sex machines,” Toc Hamir said to us. “They are able to use the old machines to stimulate the sexual energies of anyone they wish, If you fall victim of the machines rays, all rational thought leaves your mind to be replaced with an animal hunger for sexual pleasure. Many of the beasts live their entire lives under the influence of those machines. They often kidnap people from the surface to become mind controlled sexual victims of their perverted desires.”

“What about the other people she said she saw?” I asked.

“They are gone forever,” he replied. “I suppose Alice was lucky you came when you did. For you see, the beasts are also cannibals!”

THE GATES OF ETERNITY

We continued swiftly down the tunnels in the swift machine. Toc Hamir told us that we would be arriving at our destination shortly. However, I still worried about the eventual fate of our new friend, Alice.

“Don’t worry about her,” Toc Hamir said to me. “After drop you off, I will take her to my people to begin her complete healing. We will use the machines in our possession to heal her tortured body and mind. Then we will remove all memories of the eaves and the beast men. She will have no memories of any time after she got onto that elevator. We will take her back to the surface and secretly leave her at a hospital that works with cases such as hers. She will have some confusion as she tries to deal with her amnesia, but she will recover completely and go on

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with her life.”

Tragic to say, but there are thousands of people who, like Alice, disappear every year seemingly right off the face of the earth. Some do reappear, many suffering from unexplained amnesia. Many, however, are never seen again. Their disappearance remains forever a mystery to those who are left behind. I wonder now how many of these unfortunate souls disappearances were actually unlucky encounters with the underworld beast men.

As I sat and mused over these unpleasant thoughts, our machine slowed noticeably and then came to a #complete stop. Our driver politely announced that we had finally arrived at our destination.

By now Alice was awake and thanked us again for our help. As she gave us each a quick hug, she tearfully promised that she would never forget our heroism . This was a promise that we hoped she would not be able to keep.

We stood and bowed in farewell as Toc Hamir restarted the hovercraft and quickly sped away down the tunnel. I said a silent prayer for Alice and hoped the gods would watch and protect her in the difficult days ahead. I looked around, suddenly aware of our new environment. The cavern was extremely large, its walls stretched upwards to finally disappear into the darkness with no ceiling in sight. In front of us was a brightly glowing vertical whirlpool of light and mist, large enough to drive a tram through, Around it were a number of people who were following a golden path on the floor of the cavern. This path led straight into the heart of the whirlpool.

“This is the etherial entrance to sacred Agharta, Lobsang,” the Master said to me. “This is the passageway through time and space that connects the inner world with ours. The center of our planet is more than a hollow space within a sphere. This space actually transcends physical reality and exists simultaneously in a number of different dimensions and realities. Once we enter the dimensional vortex our vibrational field will be increased to match the higher level of Agharta. Only through this method are physical beings such as ourselves able to enter Agharta.”

“Why are these other people here Master’?” I asked.

“They are all here like us, Lobsang,” the Master replied. “We have all been called to Agharta for an important task. It is an important time for us all as such gatherings of the great minds of the universe is a rare occasion indeed.”

We stepped onto the path which gleamed with the elegance of pure, regal gold. All around us were thousands, probably millions of beings of every shape and size, Some were human and others obviously were not. It appeared that there were representatives from every intelligent species in the universe in this cavern making their way towards the vortex.

“These are the enlightened souls of this universe, Lobsang,” said the Master.

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“Like ourselves, all have been chosen and touched by the divine light that is the Creator of all that is. We are the representatives of the ultimate consciousness in which all life emanates. It is through us that others will learn of their true selves and purpose.”

All around us was the contingent of human enlightened souls, all arriving at the same time to make their way toward the light. I could see with us many of the greatest minds that had ever walked on the earth. Others I didn't recognize but I knew intuitively that they would live and teach in future times. But time had no meaning in this place as all eras are brought together as one.

“We are now walking on the path of life,” the Master said referring to the golden lane under our feet. “It is this path that all who live in the physical world will someday have to walk when they leave their corporeal bodies.”

I was in awe of all the great people who were now walking with me, I recognized Siddhartha Gotama, known as the Buddha, and the prophet Zarathustra who founded Zoroastrianism. Lalleshwari, or Lall of India who, under the tutelage of Shree Siddhanath, attained God-realization, and became one of the most celebrated of spiritual poets. There was Emanuel Swedenborg, the noted Swedish scientist, philosopher and theologian, and Madame H. P. Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Movement.

Still the great souls of planet Earth continued to walk before me. There was Sabbatai Zevi, the Jewish mystic and founder of the Sabbatean sect. Jean D'Arc, known as Joan of Arc, French saint and national heroine. Comte de Saint-Germain, who Voltaire said was “a man who knows everything and who never dies.” There was also the French astrologer Michel de Nostradame and Eliphas Levi, a leader of the occult revival in the 1800's.

These enlightened souls and countless other spiritual teachers from throughout the past, present and future were all here representing the best from planet Earth. I was humbled to be included with this congregation.

The portal was now before us. Its spiritual energies separated our world from that of Agharta as its swirling vortex drew us in collectively. We travelled beyond time and space, aware of not only ourselves, but of the billions of souls that journeyed along side us. We were one.

SACRED AGHARTA

In less time than it took to form a single thought, we emerged from the other side of the vortex. We were no longer in the cavern and the tableau in front of me was so incredible it was almost more than my mind could bear. We had emerged on the site of a great mountain. From this peak there flowed a great river of enlightened beings who now glowed with the divine light of creation that permeated this sacred land. At the base of the mountain was a vast plain already filled with billions of travelers such as ourselves and many continued to stream down

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the mountain to join their brethren.

From our perspective it appeared as if we were standing in the middle of a gem bowl of fantastic size. Instead of a horizon, the land curved upwards and away from us in all directions to finally become lost in the turquoise blue sky above. In the center of the sky there hung a sun of magnificent beauty. Somewhat smaller and dimmer than the sun of our solar system, but still casting a splendid soft, golden brightness that illuminated the entire landscape with its holy luminance,

The land was rich in beauty and life. In an almost tropical environment, flowers of all types grew in profusion. Their perfume wafted on the breeze bringing an almost childlike delight to my sense of smell as I remembered sweet days of youth. Streams of crystal clear water flowed and bubbled through the forests and grasslands. The air was alive with the sounds of birds and insects whose songs rose and fell with the universal rhythm of all life. In the distance I could see great and beautiful cities with buildings that seemed to defy the law of gravity. Some structures, which gave the appearance of being made from beautiful clear crystal and gemstones, glowed with the incredibly radiant light of cosmic grandeur.

Until he spoke up, I had almost forgotten the Master who stood beside me equally in awe of the sight before us.

“Behold,” he said magnificently. “Sacred Agharta,”

Many believe that Agharta is a city in the center of the Earth. However, Agharta is actually the name of the entire land and not one single city. Here resides Earth’s cosmic power. All powers of matter, energy and time-space dimensions achieved by living creatures, originate from this cosmic source. In this land live a number of races with disparate cultures and traditions. They live in a much more evolved and advanced dimension compared with human life on the surface, in perfect symbiosis with the planet and its living reality.

Races other than those from Earth also occupy the interdimensional land of Agharta. Then there are large colonies of extraterrestrial peoples originating from many diverse places in our universe. These groups also interrelate at different dimensional levels.

The capital of Agharta is the etheric city of Shamballa. This city is the highest expression of this internal civilization and vibrates at astral frequencies. There, the creative idea and the astral program for the Earth’s evolution are conceived and instituted. In Shamballa dwell extraordinary beings who vibrate at the highest frequencies of the universe. They are life beings, owners of life. They build destiny. “They live together in large clans, guided by the Elders. The eldest clan is the keeper of the Word. The elder of this clan is the Directing Mind of all life inside and outside the planet.

They exist on higher frequencies, totally free of the temporal system. Going through time planes, they are subjected to their effects only so long as they are

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immersed in them. But their entity remains, unchanged in its immortal nature. They are the Alpha and Omega of all life in the universe. They wear rich, light clothing of encompassed beauty and art, laced with gold and multicolored arabesques. They are taller than the average human with strong and extremely vital features that could be likened to those of the Polynesian people.

Unfortunately, we were not pure enough to visit Shambhalla. Even though we were able to transcend our surface world vibrational state and enter Agharta, we were still far removed from those pure souls who dwelt in Shamballa. But our reason for being here was not for sightseeing. We had another purpose, a purpose that was soon to be revealed to all.

We joined the multitude of enlightened beings who had collected on the great plain at the foot of the dimensional doorway. Above us in the sky soared great spherical vessels that dipped and dodged in the breeze like the kites of Lhasa.

"Look in the sky," the Master pointed out. "Those are soul crafts made up of pure thought and capable of traveling anywhere in this universe."

The air was vibrant with excitement as the sound of billions of voices drifted over the landscape. All who were here knew that this was a momentous occasion in the history of the present universe and felt honored and humble to be a part of it.

"Incredible there are so many," I said out loud. "The world can scarcely hold us all."

The Master laughed a rich, deep laugh of utter joy and delight, something that I had never heard him do in all the years that I knew him on the surface world.

"Look around us, Lobsang," the Master said as he spread out his arms. "Beings from all worlds and all times have come together at this one point in infinite time and space. It is a miracle that I had scarcely dreamed possible, yet here we all are. But you shouldn't worry about Agharta overflowing with enlightened beings, because this place sits in the center of both the material and astral planes of existence. Not only is it located in the center of our planet, it is also located in the centers of millions of other planets. Agharta is in the heart of all conscious beings throughout the universe!"

A MESSAGE FOR ALL MANKIND

Suddenly, the air around us sparkled and shimmered as a great presence moved through the multidimensional unity that was Agharta. All voices in the land were suddenly silent and every head looked upward toward the great sun that shone over the world. It was as if all of creation was silent and waiting for what would come next.

As we watched, the sun began to rapidly spin in the heavens, at the same time throwing off great streamers of brilliant color. To me the sun looked like a great pearl in the sky, spinning on its own axis with multicolored rays of light

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shooting off it in all directions. The entire world was bathed in an iridescent light of sublime beauty that sent a collective feeling of peace and love through all who were there. No one dared move for fear of missing even a moment of this spectacular event.

And then, just when it seemed the sun could spin no faster, it abruptly broke free from its plane in the heavens and appeared to fall straight for us. Many upon seeing such a phenomenon would have fled in terror. However, the air was filled with such peace and joy, that it was impossible for fear to gain a foothold. Instead, we were awestruck at the magnitude of the entire event.

The rapidly spinning sun fell closer toward us. Its rainbow beauty seemed to fill the entire sky with its grandeur as it swooped low over the landscape. But then when it seemed as if it would crush the entire world, it stopped and began to slowly back away until it was back in its original position in the center of the sky. However, it continued to spin in place, casting a wondrous golden light on all that surrounded it,

This light was the purest essence of peace and love, and with it came a consciousness that filled my entire being with its glory. As it did, I became aware of the thoughts and feelings of everyone that had been called to Agharta at this moment. We were all connected by the love and hope that was this consciousness, and I intuitively knew that this was the Ultimate Consciousness that was beyond the multiverse. This was the Creator of all.

Tears of joy sprang from my eyes and ran freely down my cheeks as its glorious voice rang out and addressed all who were in its presence. It spoke to us collectively and individually at the same time. We were many, from different times and worlds, yet the Creator acknowledged us all.

"It fills my being with happiness that you could be here with me today Lobsang," the voice said to me. "This happiness fills all who are part of my creation with the transcendent love that is my creative force."

I looked over at the Master. From the ecstatic look on his face he was obviously hearing the same thing that I was hearing, a collective message, yet personalized for his ears only.

"Lobsang," the voice continued. "You are an essential part of the message that must be taken back for all of mankind to hear. There are other representatives from different times on Earth who are also responsible for delivering my message to their own time. Each message is important for each world and time. Yet all contain the same underlying truth that is necessary for all to hear and know.

"Know that the planet Earth is far older than your science dares to imagine. Your planet is one of the chosen worlds that has survived the birth and death of numerous universes. These chosen planets are the ultimate sanctuaries of evolved life and consciousness. These shining beings carry with them the knowledge of

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past universes in order to continue my creation. Your universe is just one of an infinite number of universes in the cosmic form of my foundation. Each universe is born from the nothingness that is my being. It is consciousness that compels each universe to evolve living things that become points of light in the fabric of time and space. These nodes of consciousness are the perfect expression of my creation.

“Each universe has a time to be born, to live, to die and to be reborn again. Just as all life is born, lives, dies and is reborn again. Each universe expands from its point of inception bringing with it the cosmic energy that drives the engine of creation. When a universe can expand no further, it doesn’t collapse back onto itself; instead the wall of tension in space and time that separates each universe from sash other snaps like a rubber band. This burst in time and space creates a singularity from which a new universe is born from the nothingness that is the foundation of creation.

“The ultimate beings of thought and light, in order to transfer knowledge from one universe to another, have taken numerous worlds under their care, and with astral energies that exist both in the multiverse and in the plane of existence beyond, have enabled those worlds to survive the death of thousands of past universes and they will endure the passing of many more. Your home, the planet Earth, is one of the chosen planets. It has seen the birth and death of many universes. It is precious to my creation.

“Your species is one of many that have: arisen from the womb of mother Earth. Humans have evolved according to my divine plan. Just as you are born an infant and grow into adulthood, so is it with all forms of life and diversity of the species, They begin from the simplest expressions of life and grow to their consciousness.

“Humans have evolved and achieved intelligence and understanding of free will. You are a part of the material world and a part of the spirit world. Not all intelligent species develop their spiritual aspect. Some never grasp the astral worlds that exist beyond the multiverses. Because of this they are constantly reborn into the physical until their species develops their spiritual and astral sides. This is where your people are needed, T. Lobsang Rampa.

“The human race was born on Earth, one of my blessed planets. It is the destiny of your species to spiritually evolve to become Beings of Light. As with other Beings of Light, you will guide other species throughout this universe, and other universes, to also evolve spiritually. As your people throughout history have looked upon these guides as angels, so will others look upon your race. It is a momentous task that I have given your people. But I would not have done so if the human race was not capable.

“However, as a species, the human race is still in its infancy. You are reaching a critical time in your development where you can either fulfill your destiny,

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or die and become reabsorbed into the cosmic dust of my creation. The choice is up to you. You are capable of knowing the universal love and forgiveness that is my law. Yet you are also adept of such hate and destruction that it is imperative that you learn to grow beyond these petty emotions and take your place as honored members of the universal community.

“This I will tell you of the upcoming days of your people. Many live in fear now of the potential nuclear destruction that certain countries threaten each other with. However, the countries that now make up the Soviet Union will soon abandon their oppressive and spiritually sterile ways. Many countries that have suffered under this iron hand will find themselves free for the first time in many years. But this freedom comes with a price. Because of the abrupt way that the Soviet Union will collapse, many countries who were dependent on economic support will be forced to fend for themselves. This will cause great suffering with the innocents who are far removed from world politics.

“I will say to you, Lobsang, that despite the changes in the upcoming years, your beloved Tibet will continue to be subjugated by China. As the years pass China will be less interested in ruling Tibet with an iron fist and instead will allow the people more determination of their own fate. However, Tibet will not be free from Chinese rule in your lifetime.

“Because of planet wide political changes, the world will breathe a little easier from the fear of atomic death from the skies. But a new enemy of truth and enlightenment will emerge in the days just before and after the new millennium. This enemy will arise as religious fundamentalism and extremism.

“Numerous people who fed oppressed by the world situation will turn to religion in search of answers. However, there are men and woman who crave power and material wealth who will exploit these people and pervert their spiritual quest with dogmas of hate and destruction. The religions of the cross and the crescent moon will be the birthing fields of these new enemies of mankind. These wretched souls will be sent out to do evil, convinced that they are fulfilling God’s will.

“Many good men and women will fall under the spell of this type of religious abomination. They will interpret their holy books to fit their twisted agendas. They will suffer from the sin of pride as they declare only themselves fit to live in the Creator’s world. They will oppress the weak and those who are different, robbing them of their freedom and even their lives. They will demand governments based on only their religious beliefs, using fear and death to enforce their will. And again, perverting the name of the Creator to justify their evil.

“Multiple governments will fall and be replaced by theocracies. These Church-States will declare themselves exclusively beloved by the Creator as they pass laws to permanently rid themselves of those they deem undesirable. A new genocidal madness will sweep the planet as my beloved innocents are killed by

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these evil forces. Those whose religious beliefs differ will be killed. Those who disagree politically will be killed. Women, who are equal in my eyes, will be forced to be subservient to men. Those whose sexual natures are considered different or abnormal will be murdered.

“Mankind will suffer great indignities from those who say they are doing God’s will, when instead, these people actually worship at the altar of material desires such as power, greed, hatred and perversity. They create false idols of weapons saying it is their right to protect themselves, when in reality they thirst for the blood of their fellow humans. They wrap themselves in cloaks of nationalism and religion, declaring how great and beautiful they are. But in truth, they are but insects who corrupt the true way of universal love and truth for their own selfish needs.

“The Earth will also experience a resurgence of contacts with creatures not of your world. Those races who are the Watchers over mankind work in secret to help guide you onto the correct path of evolution. But others will appear who come from other worlds both in time, space and interdimensionality.

“These beings are intelligent creatures who have failed to discover their spiritual side. They live only for the material universe and know not of the astral planes. They are attracted to humans like moths to a flame. They sense your divine nature and seek to understand and exploit it for their benefit. They will come and take you in your sleep caring not of the emotional and physical scars they leave behind,

“These beings will remain unknown to you as they hide from all sight. The creatures that fly the crafts and do the actual contacts are nothing more than biological constructions of these otherworldly races. These constructions are living creatures from a science whose sole purpose is to travel to other worlds and follow the orders of their masters.

“The mystery of what is now called UFOs will never be solved because of the secretive nature of the beings who are drawn to Earth. Nevertheless, it is the destiny of humans to continue their relationship with these otherworldly entities. It is species such as these that will depend on spiritually evolved humans to awaken the slumbering spirit within them. Mankind will be the Watchers over these races who may currently be superior intellectually over humans, but are inferior spiritually.”

“It is your duty, Lobsang, to take this message to the people of your time. However, you must wait until the designated time to release my words. Only at the right time will mankind be open to hear these words. It will take many years of human time for mankind to heed my message and grow as the spiritual beings they are. If you, as a species, can prosper through the rough days ahead, your future will be wondrous, not only for you, but also for the thousands of species

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throughout time and space that humans as Beings of light will guide to their spiritual evolution. Your people, and the other enlightened beings who are here will help create new universes. The choice is up to you.”

FAREWELL TO AGHARTA

With those final words, the golden light that surrounded us withdrew and the creative conscious force moved back through the threshold that separated this world from the ultimate reality. The sun, with one final burst of glorious holy light, ceased its spinning and returned to normal.

A collective sigh rose up over the land as a billion souls marveled in the miracle that had just transpired. The voice had spoken to all at the same time, delivering a message that had personal meaning for each as well as a call to duty for all. We were to be Beings of Light, those who watch and give guidance to races who are ready to evolve spiritually. I thought about the beings we called angels in our holy writings and wondered what ancient race they may have originated from.

The Master Mingyar Dundap clasped my shoulder, his face beaming with a new light that burned within his soul. I suspected that my own face was equally radiant. Throughout the land everyone was turning and greeting his neighbor in solidarity. The love and understanding that now filled us was the ultimate connective force of creation. I now understood the simple message that we were expected to take with us and spread throughout the universe.

It may sound simplistic, but the answer to all questions is love. This is the true creative force in the multiverse and the worlds beyond. As the Rev. Emanuel Swedenborg so eloquently put it, “All people who live good lives, no matter what their religion, will have a place in heaven.”

I looked out over the vast and mysterious land of Agharta, at the billions of beings from throughout time and space and wondered about their own worlds and the missions they would carry out. Would we ever know their experiences?

“We will someday Lobsang,” the Master said, obviously reading my mind. “The time will come when we will all be together again,” said the Master. “We will have much to do with not only this universe, but the many that will come afterwards. It is a wondrous challenge that has been issued to mankind. I know in my heart that we will rise to the occasion and join our fellow enlightened beings in the cosmic dance of eternity.”

The sky was now filled with a great multitude of soul crafts that seemingly appeared from nowhere. Their shining beauty reflected the light that now blazed from the great mass of beings whose souls glowed with the inner fire of the Creator.

“It is now time for us to leave Lobsang,” the Master said sadly.

My heart ached at the thought of leaving this wonderful land. But I knew in

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my heart that I had to carry forth the message that had been conveyed to us all. It was so much our responsibility now, all of us, conscious beings from different worlds in time and space with a simple message of love, forgiveness and the recognition and discovery of our true divine nature. We had an important message to deliver and it was imperative that we set off straightaway to administer it.

The soul crafts were now landing to pick up the newly chosen emissaries of the Creator's message. We would all be taken back to our own worlds and times by these magnificent vehicles of pure thought and energy.

It was an awesome sight to see the sky filled with these magnificent vehicles as they received their charges and disappeared high into the heavens. A great feeling of overwhelming peace and honor swelled up into my being as I considered the majesty of what was being played out before me.

Now a great shining craft appeared before us and hovered inches above the ground. It was our turn to leave. I shook hands with the others from Earth who had stood with us. Like us, these great souls would return to their own time to spread the message as it would fit their era.

We entered the vehicle and it immediately took to the air to join the thousands of other soul craft that filled the sky like milkweed seeds on a summer breeze. High into the air we shot, free of the bounds of gravity. At this altitude I could see even clearer the shape of Agharta as a great bowl. This was, of course, an illusion as we were in the hollowed out center of the Earth. But not just Earth — Agharta's reality stretched beyond our planet and into a multitude of other planets whose hollow exteriors also contained Agharta.

We shot past the great sun and drew closer to the opposite side of the hollow globe. Our craft travelled rapidly over mountains, forests, rivers and seas. Other soul craft flew along side us in the clear atmosphere. We were like children at play with a wonderful new toy. Our mutual joy complemented the light energy that made up the character of our vehicles.

In the distance there appeared a great city. As we rapidly approached I could see great crystal structures stretching high into the air. Their amazingly delicate appearance would have been appropriate for any children's fairy tale or the dreams of the impassioned. The entire city shone with a rainbow light that glowed from deep within.

Huge searchlights of various colors stabbed into the air, looking like fantastic pillars of incredible stone that outshone even the eternal light of the great interior sun.

I had heard about this wondrous city before. A city of crystal towers, pyramids and rainbow lights. This was the Rainbow City, the ancient center of culture whose libraries contain the vast knowledge of millions of different worlds and times. Our soul craft slowed and came to a stop on the outskirts of the city. The

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Master turned to me and gently grasped my hands.

"This is where we must part ways Lobsang," he said. "My destiny takes me on a different path than yours. I am to remain here in the Rainbow City to study with the great Masters of Agharta."

"But Master," I said. "We have seen and heard so much. Clearly I cannot carry this all back alone. Who will be there to help me if not you?"

The Master smiled at me. We had been friends for so long that he already knew my questions before they were even spoken.

"You will not be alone my dear friend," he said kindly. "You will never be alone. We will see each other again soon. This I can promise to you. For your journeys are not yet over. There will be other times when we will be together to explore the mysteries of our universe. There is much that we must do and see. But that is for another time and another place. Now we must go our separate ways and do what we have been asked to do."

He gave my hands one last loving squeeze and departed the craft. Outside the vehicle, The Master Mingyar Dundap stood on a silver road that entered into the Rainbow City. From the city I could see a procession heading our way to greet their new arrival.

As the soul craft slowly floated up, the Master clasped his hands together and bowed a final farewell to me. I was saddened by his departure, but I was also excited for him and the wonderful adventures that awaited him in the days ahead. I looked forward to hearing of his tales someday when we would be together again.

The soul craft soared upward once again and sacred Agharta blurred away into nothingness. The deep, clear blue sky was replaced by velvet blackness sprinkled with diamond stars that filled the heavens above Earth. I was floating high above the planet, clear of its atmosphere and free of its gravity. It was the perfect place to sit for awhile and contemplate not only the events over the last few days, but also the events that awaited me in future days.

I thought about the days just past, the people we had met, the beauties and ugliness we had seen, So much had happened in such a short time that it would take weeks for my mind to process it all.

I wondered about Alice Runyan and the days of reconditioning that lay ahead of her. I made a mental note to try to somehow keep abreast of her progress after she was returned to the surface.

I considered the beasts who had kidnaped Alice, and simply for their twisted pleasures, tortured thousands of others throughout the planet. Humans were truly oddities in this universe. We were capable of so much love and beauty. Yet, as the men-beasts of the caverns demonstrated, we were also capable of much evil and ugliness. Try as I could, it was almost impossible for me to imagine that we could ever become the angelic Beings of Light that the creative force said was the de-

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sired goal.

This is a future full of hope and promise that contrasts sharply with those who feel that mankind is doomed to eventual extinction. Few can imagine that they have a spark of the divine within their souls - a spark that under the right conditions, can be fanned into the flame of ultimate creation.

It is our responsibility to ensure that mankind lives up to its true potential. For not only is our survival dependent on this, but the survival of millions of others who live throughout the multiverse is also dependent on our development. For mankind, evolved into Beings of Light, will guide others out of the primeval ooze and into the wonders of our universe that is the birthright of all.

But that time was still ahead. I had the soul craft at my disposal for a while longer. And as the Earth rushed away and the cosmos opened to me, I enjoyed the freedom and bliss of eternity again. The stars will one day be our home, but for now I will be content just to visit.

END

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